THE

Revengeful Miſtreſs;

BEING AN

AMOROUS ADVENTURE

OF AN

Engliſh Gentleman

IN

SPAIN.

In which are alſo contain'd three other NOVELS, *Viz.*

The Wrong'd Innocence clear'd,
The Generous Impoſtor, and
The Unfortunate Collonel.

——*Quoties facit Ira nocentem*
Hunc Sexum, rabie jecur incendente feruntur
Præcipites. Juvenal, Sat. 6.

Writ by *PH. AYRES,* Elq;

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TO THE

Virtuouſly Accompliſhed LADY;

My LADY

CHARDIN.

Madam,

THough *Virtue, Honour, and all the other Accompliſhments of the Mind, are not to be reflected on with the leaſt grain of Oſtentation, by thoſe, that the Heavens have endowed with ſuch eminent Qualities: Yet certainly, Madam, thoſe three Illuſtrious Perſons, repreſented in this ſmall piece, which I Humbly offer you, would have thought themſelves particularly obliged to*

kind Heaven, if it had produc'd in their time, so exact a Pattern of their own Perfections, as you are Madam; in which without the least scruple or offence to Modesty, they might have admired, with as much Justice as Delight those Accomplishments, which did so visibly mark in their own Persons so great a difference from the rest of the World. Yes Madam, in you they might have lov'd the rare Qualities which were so consonant to those which adorn'd themselves, and which modesty would not permit them to applaude in their own Persons.

Is it not therefore, with great Justice, Madam, that I have sheltered this little, but true piece of History, under your safe protection. You who has so great a share in it; you Ma-

dam,

dam, in whom all the glittering Characters of Perſons, as great in their Perfections of Minds, as they were in their Births, do ſo greatly abound, you, Madam, who has ſo juſt a diſcernment in all that is excellently good, who has ſo nice a Judgment in the Criticiſm's of your own Dialect, and who is ſo great a Judge of our's. Finally, you, Madam, who can beſt Judge of the equity with which I have proceeded, in preſenting to our Engliſh World, the true and lively Characters of three Perſons ſo remarkable.

But, Madam, that you may not be inticed in your turn into ſomeagreable rapture, by too long a contemplation theſe Excellent Perſons Merits, give me leave to draw the Curtain over it, and to divert you with a

pretty

pretty piece of Turkiſh gallantry, in which you may behold a certain way of Courtſhip, as pleaſant, as new to us Europeans; *I am ſenſible, Madam, it were but reaſonable, I ſhould give you ſome more particular account of theſe two Novels, but that having been done already, ſufficiently by the* French *Author, I ſhall deſiſt therefore from giving you any further diverſion, from your more ſerious reflections, and ſhall only take the Liberty of ſubſcribing my ſelf,*

Madam,

Your moſt humble Servant

P. Bellon.

THE

PREFACE.

A *Nobleman who had an Affection for a young Scholar of excellent Parts, preſented him with a large Gold Cup, wrought with curious Workmanſhip, and and adviſed him to uſe it rightly, with Moderation and Sobriety. To whom the Scholar returned this Anſwer.* My Lord, In the Gift you have expreſſed your Liberality; and in the Counſel, your Friendſhip to me: By the former, you have enriched my Houſe; but by the latter, my Heart. *So 'twas my Aim, that this TALE ſhould alſo be accompanied with ſuch good Advice, as might make it of Profit, as well as Pleaſure, to Young Gentlemen deſign'd to Travel, for whoſe Benefit it was chiefly Writ: And by ſhewing them where the ſculking Rocks lie hid, on which other Veſſels have been Ship-wrack'd, I would teach them to ſteer a more ſecure Courſe, and preſerve themſelves from the like Misfortune.*

'Tis then fit they ſhould know, that the Curtizans of Italy *are notorious for their Subtilties, by which they often allure Men of eminent Quality and Parts, as well as Others, into their Snares, and ſo ruine many Noble Families. They take 'em up into the* Fools Paradiſe, *careſs and entertain 'em with Banquets, Muſick, Dancing, and all Delights they can invent to gratify the Senſes; but having obtain'd their Ends; thoſe whom before they flatter'd, they after pack off in Scorn and Deriſion, with heavy Hearts, but with light light Purſes: Which Truth, ſome of our Young Gallants, ſent to make Obſervations on Foreign Countries and People, have been able to teſtify by a dear bought Experience.*

But ſcarce any Nation under the Sun, is ſo abounding in this ſort of Ill Women as Spain. *There, in Cities and great Towns, when it begins to grow dark, they appear in Shoals, diſtinguiſh'd by their White Veils or Mantles, and have their Places of general Rendezvous: Thoſe of* Toledo *in the* Zocodover, *and thoſe of* Madrid *in the* Puerta del Sol; *where diſcovering their Faces, they ſhew themſelves*

ſelves as in a Market, and ply for the Ruine and Deſtruction of Mankind.

And as theſe Lindas Margaritas *are known to be the moſt witty, quick, and entertaining of the World in Converſation; ſo are they above all others the moſt impudent, and moſt nicely skill'd, in all points of their accurſed Myſtery; and conſequently very dextrous in managing their Clients to all Advantages; for they ſeldom part with any one out of their Power, ſo long as they find he has Money, Goods, or Credit left. And then tho' ſeveral of theſe* Enamorados *have been diſcarded by their Miſſes, in a naked and ſtarving Condition, with all their ſparks of Love extinct; yet have they ſoon felt their Bodies ſo enflamed, by an unnatural Fire kindled there, that they have ſcarce been able to bring them to a good Temper again, ſo long as they liv'd.*

'Twas therefore my Drift in the Principal Novel, to expoſe this ſort of Vice, and by Painting it in its proper Colours, to ſhow its deformity; which I have endeavour'd in the Character of a Young Man, who, whilſt indulging himſelf in Lewdneſs with his

Miſtreſs, fancy'd he was raiſed up to the higheſt Region of Felicity, his Heart could wiſh to arrive at; which made him deaf to all good Admonition, and inſenſible of Danger, 'till he had run blindly on to the very Brink of Perdition.

The Morality to be gathered from hence, is, That ſuch Young Gentlemen, as in their Travels abroad, or here at home, are inclined to the like Vicious Courſes, be perſwaded to quit them in time, before they plunge themſelves into inevitable Ruin: And it may ſhew the Parents or Friends of ſuch, the danger of committing them to the wide World, without ſome vigilant Eye, and ſtrict hand over them, to keep 'em in bounds of ſafety. For when once they hearken to the Charms of thoſe Circes, *and liſt themſelves to fight under* Cupid's *Banners, they throw off all thoughts of Danger, as they do of Virtue: Books are then laid aſide; all healthful Exerciſes diſ-uſed, and ingenious Recreations ſlighted. Their time is chiefly taken up in a fond Contemplation of the admired Fair One, the Object of their Love, or more properly of their Luſt. Their Manners alſo and*

Ways

Ways of Living are quite changed, and all their Actions run counter to those of other Men in their Senses. For tho' the bright Morn display it self, inviting the Husbandman into the Fields to his Labour; the Schollar to his Studies, the Traveller to his Journey; and and all Industrious Persons to their several honest Employments; yet is this glorious Light of small Benefit to the Intriguing Gallant 'till about Noon, when he opens his Eyes, rises, and spends the remainder of the Day, in Dressing, Eating, and Contriving new Methods of Entertainment for his Mistress; and when others are going in due season, to their Natural Rest, he then sets out to prosecute his unlawful Amours.

This is the common Practice of many in those hot Countries, who by such Extravagancies, bring themselves to Misery, and to untimely Ends. And tho' our Adventurer's Intrigue proved not so fatal, as some have done; and was not acted with a common Strumpet; yet was it attended with as many Dangers as most of that kind, and his Life by himself as boldly exposed;

posed; whilst he might well have called to mind, the Misfortune which he knew had befallen a Young Gentleman, the Son of a Rich Merchant in Spain; *who being engaged in an Amorous Design with a Lady, and finding himself like to be surprized in her Chamber, was endeavouring to escape over the Tops of Houses; but from thence was shot down dead by the wronged Husband.*

And lest what I have hinted, should fall short, I shall add what Æneas Sylvius *says emphatically on this Subject.* Quid Meretrix, nisi Juventutis expilatrix, virorum rapina, patrimonii devoratrix; Honoris pernicies, pabulum Diaboli, Janua mortis, inferni Supplementum, discrimen vitæ, mors blanda, mel felleum, dulce venenum, pernicies delicata, malum spontaneum?

The other Stories intermixt herewith, were only intended to divert the Reader with Variety.

THE

THE Revengeful Miſtreſs, OR AN *Amorous Adventure.*

THough *Madrid* have not the Title of a City, yet in reſpect of its large Extent, its great Riches, and the Kings of *Spain* for many years honouring it with their Reſidence, it has by much got the preeminence of the Ancient City of *Toledo*, and is always ſtiled *La Villa Real de Madrid*, the Royal Town of *Madrid*. Nor has it this Title without juſt reaſon, ſince it is adorned with three of his Catholick Majeſty's Royal Palaces.

The firſt is that which for Eminence is called *The Palace*, much admired for its Beauty, ſtanding within the Town, on the banks of the River *Manſanarez*, and was built by the Emperour *Charles* the Fifth; having on the top of its Curious Stone Front an old Brick Tower, appearing as a blemiſh, but reſerved on purpoſe there by that Monarch, for a Memorial of his having kept his Rival in Glory, the *French* King *Francis* the Firſt, a Priſoner in it. The ſecond Palace is the *Buen Retiro*, on the North ſide of the Town, but ſeated on ground ſomething higher than it, within a moſt delightful Encloſure, reſembling St. *James*'s-*Park*; this glories in its fine Gardens, ſhady Groves, its long Walks of Trees, and a Canal filled from a vaſt ſquare Pond, called by them a Sea, but is it ſelf ſupply'd with water brought thither by an Aquæduct, for about the ſpace of two Leagues. The third Palace is called *La Caſa del Campo*,

Campo, or the Country Houſe, on the other ſide of the River; chiefly intended for a place of pleaſure, adorned, as all the other Royal Palaces are, with Excellent Paintings; and has in the middle of its Chief Garden an admirable Statue of Braſs, of King *Philip* the Fourth, Father of the preſent King *Charles* the Second, upon a Pedeſtal on Horſeback, made by a great *Italian* Maſter, being a Preſent to his ſaid Catholick Majeſty, by the then Great Duke of *Tuſcany*, and is eſteemed to excel that which ſtands in the Principal Court of the *Buen Retiro*. 'Tis alſo of no ſmall advantage to this Town of *Madrid*, to have the Neighbourhood of three others of his Catholick Majeſty's Palaces not very remote. The firſt is *El Pardo*, at about two Leagues diſtance, in a large Foreſt, to which the King often goes for his Recreation, to divert himſelf, and his Court, with Hunting the Wild-Boar, and other Game, which are

commonly firſt taken in Toyls, and then in a great Court before the Palace are hunted to death.

The Second is called *Aranjuez*, or to our pronunciation *Arangwheſs*, about five or ſix Leagues from *Madrid*, fam'd for its delightful Situation, as it were in a Peninſula; being on that Languet of Land where the two great Rivers *Tagus* and *Harama* have their Confluence, and the latter is loſt in the former. This Royal Seat is not ſo much remarkable for the Houſe it ſelf, as for its pleaſant Gardens, Statues, Fountains, and its ſpacious Walks; one of which is a compleat League in length, ſhaded all the way with a double row of tall Engliſh Oaks on each ſide of it, planted there by King *Philip* the Second, the Husband of our Queen *Mary* the Firſt, near an hundred and fifty years ago. And from thoſe two Rivers, which waſh the two outſides of this ſpacious Garden, are brought thither, through Pipes, ſuch vaſt

vaſt quantities of water, as ſupply the Fountains, and make ſuch a curious variety of Water-works, as is very amazing to the Beholders. And there at Mid-day in Summer time, when the Sun ſhines, they can make an artificial Rainbow, by playing ſeveral Pipes of Water from the tops of ſome of the Oaks, a-croſs the ſaid broad Walk.

The other Palace is ſeven Leagues from *Madrid*, which is about twenty Engliſh Miles, and is that Celebrated Houſe, the *Eſcurial*, built by King *Philip* the Second, at the foot of the great Mountain which they call *La Sierra de Guadarama*, and by him it was Dedicated to St. *Laurence* the Martyr, who had been broil'd to death on a Gridiron. The *Spaniards* term this Magnificent Pile the Eighth Wonder of the World: And well they may; for 'tis of ſo prodigious a bulk, that it ſeems capacious enough to lodge the Inhabitants of a ſmall City; and yet 'tis ſo very re-

regular and uniform in all its parts, that there is not a Tower, Pinacle, nor Window on one ſide, which has not the ſame to anſwer it on the other.

There is in the Spaniſh Tongue a whole Book in Folio, writ of its deſcription; but I ſhall content my ſelf to ſay 'tis a moſt Beautiful Fabrick, all of a gray ſort of Marble, drawn down from the Quarries of that Mountain, and for the moſt part of the *Doric* order built, expreſſing a Noble Solidity, as well as an exact Symetry. In the Front, which is eight hundred paces broad, are three ſtately Doors or Gates, of which that in the Center is the principal, and opens into the firſt Court, where, before you, you have a view of the Grand *Portico* of the Church, over which in Niches ſtand the Statues of the five good Kings of *Judah*, and *Iſrael*, made much bigger than the Life, of Braſs, and guilt in the Fire. Into this *Portico* you advance by

by large ſteps, and are led into the Church it ſelf, which for bigneſs may compare with many Cathedrals, but will ſurpaſs them in beauty; and underneath the great Hemiſphere or *Dome*, you may deſcend into the famous *Oratory* or *Chappel*, called the *Pantheon*, which, tho' under ground, is an imitation of that admired piece of Building in *Rome*, ſo called by the old *Romans*, but now, *Santa Maria della Rotunda*. Here round the ſides are placed, as it were in Niches, one above another, many Brazen Urns; in ſome of which are preſerved the Bodies of the Emperor *Charles* the Fifth, and of the ſeveral Kings and Queens of *Spain* ſince that time.

To make ſhort, the whole Building was deſigned to reſemble a ſquare Gridiron, to which the Church muſt ſerve for a handle; and on each ſide of the Grand *Portico*, and of the firſt Court, are ſeven other Courts, making fifteen in all, wherein are con-

tained, beſides the King's Palace, which takes not up above one fourth part of the whole, a Royal Convent of *Monks*, of the Order of St. *Hierom*, and two Large Colledges, the one of Regular, and the other of Secular Students: Alſo a vaſt Apartment over the Principal Gate, made for a Noble Library of Books, reckoned to be little inferiour to that of the *Vatican* in *Rome*, or the *Bodleian* Library in *Oxford*. And here the *Monks*, after you think you have ſeen the whole, lead you into one Room fill'd only with Excellent Greek Manuſcripts, of which they are more proud to talk, than skilful to uſe; and into another full of Books written in the Oriental Tongues, which had been a Collection made by that Learned Prince *Muley Sidan* Emperor of *Marocco*, and accidentally ſeized at Sea by *Don Juan* of *Auſtria*, in his return from the Battel of *Lepanto*, by whom they were preſented to King *Philip* the Second,

Second, to adorn this his New Library.

But I ſhould ſwell this little Piece into a large Volume, ſhould I proceed to give but a ſlight Deſcription of the outward Beauties, and moſt Remarkable things of this place, particularly of the Church, the ſeveral Cloyſters, Apartments, Halls, Galleries, Chappels, Sacriſties, and other Stately Rooms, as well private as publick; or of the admirable Furniture belonging to them; as the Exquiſite Paintings of the greateſt Maſters in that Art, the World for theſe two or three laſt Centuries has produced: Or ſpeak of the immenſe Riches in Plate and Jewels there ſhewn in ſeveral places; or the Robes of the Churchmen, Relicks of Saints, Pieces of Antiquity, and other Curioſities. I ſhall therefore only add this ſeeming incredible thing of this vaſt Fabrick, that the *Spaniards* affirm it to be no leſs than thirty three Leagues, which is near

a hundred Miles (as ſay they, it has been computed) for a Man to go, that would walk about into every one of the Rooms of it. But I dare not undertake to vouch for this, tho' I ſpent three days in viewing what was moſt worthy of Note there.

But now to return to *Madrid*, which the *Romans* called *Mantua Carpentana*, or *Carpentanorum*; I ſay, there is not any thing of Beauty or Grandeur, for which a Town is Famous, but this Place may challenge for it a competition with the proudeſt City in all *Spain*, a good River excepted, and a large Cathedral; but as for other Churches, Convents, and Hoſpitals here, they excel in Curioſity and Riches; ſo do the ſpacious Streets and *Plaças*, or Piazzas, eſpecially the *Placa Mayor*, wherein the Noble Sport of the Bulls, called the *Fieſta*, or the *Juego de Toros* is exhibited upon ſome Eminent Occaſions; but annually on the three Feſtiaval Days of St. *Ann*, St. *John* the *Baptiſt*,

tiſt, and St. *Iſidro*, or *Iſidore*, to whom they aſcribe the Honour of Patron of the Town.

Hither the Court having drawn a great confluence of the Nobility and Gentry, as well as Merchants of divers Nations; there are, of conſequence, many ſtately Palaces and Houſes of Grandees, and other Noblemen, who live here in great Splendor; as do alſo many Eminent Perſons of inferiour Rank and Quality. The Chiefeſt of the Houſes are, firſt, that of the Marqueſs *de Leche*, built by his Father *Don Luis de Haro*, Grand Miniſter of State, and *Privado* or Favourite of King *Philip* the Fourth; then the Palace of the Dukes of *Lerma*, thoſe of the Dukes of *Infantado*, of *Montalto*, with innumerable others. There were likewiſe two very ſtately Bridges over the ſmall River; but the neweſt and fineſt of them, almoſt as ſoon as built, was carried away, by force of a ſudden and violent Flood. And tho'

tho' the Town ſtand dry, on an Eminence much above the River, yet is it ſo well ſupplied by Water-works, and Fountains, that there is ſeldom any ſcarcity of Water in it.

The ſeveral Foreign Miniſters alſo, who are ſent from the Courts of other Princes and States, to make their Reſidence here, do not a little add to the Ornament and Grandeur of the Place. Amongſt whom our Kings Ambaſſadours did lay their Claim to the third Seat in the Chappel Royal, and it was ever, without diſpute, formerly allowed them, after the Nuncio of the Pope, and of the Emperor's Ambaſſador, who only had Precedence of them: Tho' of late Years the *French* have conteſted for it and ſince that, to avoid the Miſchiefs which happened by the Retinues of the two Ambaſſadors fighting always whenever they met, it has been accommodated. From this orderly placing in the King's Chappel, of the ſeveral Ambaſſadors coming from Crown'd Heads,

Heads, amongſt whom are alſo reckoned thoſe from the Republick of *Venice*, and States of *Holland*, they are called there, *Embaxadores de la Capilla*, Ambaſſadors of the Chappel.

'Twas during the Negotiation of a Perſon of great Honour and Abilities, bearing this Character from our King, and reſiding in this Court, that there happened a certain Affair of conſequence, which was to be tranſacted in the City of *Toledo*; for diſpatch whereof, his Excellency appointed two of his Retinue to go and attend there, till it ſhould be finiſhed: The one of theſe was a brisk young Gentleman, of about Two or Three and Twenty Years of Age, who had made himſelf a perfect Maſter of the *Spaniſh* Tongue; this was to be the chief Speaker: And the other a Graver Perſon of above Thirty, but of much leſs skill in the Language, and he was for the ſober Conduct of this Matter. They ſolicited,

ſolicited daily, with all the diligence they could, but the *Spaniards* being ſlow, and dilatory in all manner of Buſineſs; that which was ſuppoſed, would have been brought to an end in a fortnight or three weeks time, proved the work of a whole Summer. Theſe two *Engliſh* Gentlemen, whom I ſhall call, for particular Reaſons, by *Spaniſh* Names, the Elder *Don Enrique*, and the other *Don Feliz*, ſetled themſelves in a *Caſa de Poſadas*, or Houſe of Lodgings, adjoining to a great Houſe, which ſtood at the entry into the *Plaçuela de la vega*; the back part whereof overlooking the City wall, often afforded them a moſt refreſhing Air, in that ſoultry place, and always a very delightful Proſpect to the Eye for ſome Miles, over the Fields and Meadows, running along the River ſide. But before I proceed further, it may not be unpleaſant, nor unprofitable to the Reader, if I

alſo

alſo obſerve ſomething of the Situation and Building of this Town.

The City of *Toledo*, called in *Latin Toletum*, ſtands on a high large Hill, of which near three parts are ſurrounded with the River *Tagus*, in the form, as I may properly enough ſay, of a Horſe-ſhooe. It was much beautified with fine Buildings, and fortified with a ſtrong wall; but not totally built, as ſome erroneouſly conjecture, by one of the Kings of the *Goths* in *Spain*, flouriſhing about the Year of Chriſt, 680. after his return from appeaſing a Rebellion of ſome of his Subjects; his Name was *Wamba*, as this Inſcription over one of the Gates does expreſs.

Erexit, fautore Deo, Rex inclitus Urbem
Wamba, ſuæ celebrem portendens Gentis honorem.

And, according to the vulgar Opinion, the ſame *Gothiſh* King cauſed the

the following Diſtich, to be Inſcribed over another Gate of the City.

Vos Domini Sancti quorum heic præ-
ſentia fulget,
Hanc Urbem, & Plebem, ſolito ſer-
vate favore.

Addreſſed, as I conceive, to the *Popiſh* Saints or Martyrs, who formerly lived or ſuffered Death for the Chriſtian Religion there, and whoſe Shrines were then remaining.

After the Conqueſt of *Spain* by the *Arabian Moors*, who divided it into many petty Kingdoms, this City of *Toledo*, wherein the *Gothiſh* Kings were wont to have their Reſidence, was made the Metropolis of a Kingdom of the ſame Name, and Seat of one of thoſe Kings of the *Moors*. It is now reckoned an opulent City, ſtanding in the very Heart or Center of the Kingdom, full of Merchants, of Traders, and of Manufactories; from whence divers ſorts of Merchandiſe

dise and Commodities are sent to all parts of *Spain*, which bring back a Return of Mony, and of all things necessary, in a great plenty. It is divided into three and twenty Regions, or Wards, which have their particular Magistrates, and over them all is the Corrigidor. 'Tis adorned with many Stately Palaces, but that called the *Alcazer*, or Palace-Royal, built by the *Moors*, is of no small Ornament to the Town; the Fine Churches, the Rich Convents, the Town-House, and other Publick Buildings, are very much boasted of; so are the *Plaças*, and *Plaçuelas*, which in all are seventeen; and the two spacious Hospitals deserve a particular Remark.

But the greatest Glory of this City is, that it is an Archepiscopal See, and honoured with a Magnificent Cathedral; which, in my Opinion excels in Beauty, most of the Churches of *Spain*, except that of *Burgos*, the Chief City of Old *Castile*;

Built, as they tell us, by *Engliſhmen*; of which, for its admirable Curioſity of Wormanſhip, they uſe to ſay, *La yglesia de Burgos es la Joya, y aquella de Toledo, no es mas que la Caſcara.* The Church of *Burgos* is the Pearl, and that of *Toledo*, but the Shell or Caſquet to hold it. But this may compare for largeneſs of Structure, with any Cathedral in that whole Kingdom, except one in *Cordoua*, which the Moors widened on the ſides, making it from its form of a Croſs, to be an exact ſquare *Moſque* for their own Devotions.

This is very remarkable for its great number of fine Windows, beautified with curious Figures painted in the Glaſs, with variety of Colours; beſides which are counted 750 other clear Lights or Windows without Painting. The Chappels about it are many, and enricht with Altars of curious Architecture, which are Adorned with excellent Crucifixes and other Images, and Pictures of Saints. And 'tis very admirable to obſerve every

every day, but eſpecially on Holy days, the Prieſts Officiating in this Church, in their princely Veſtments, ſometimes ſhining in Robes of Gold, ſometimes in Silver, in variety of Silks, in Tiſſue, in Purple, and in delicate Embroideries, and ſparkling with Jewels of ineſtimable value: So are the Images of the Saints dreſs'd up, particularly that of the Virgin *Mary*, for whom they have one Petticoat pouder'd with Flowers of Pearls, intermix'd with large Diamonds, Rubies, Emralds, Saphirs, and divers ſorts of Precious Gems: They have likewiſe other rich Garments and Dreſſes for her, with two Crowns of Gold, a greater and a leſs, both ſet with Stones of a conſiderable price, which they put on her upon great Feſtivals, and when they carry her abroad in Proceſſion.

It would be a large Work to give a full deſcription of this Church, of its ſeveral Chappels, of the Veſtry, and of the Chapter-Houſe, an eligant piece of Building;

the Roof or Cieling of which is finely gilt with Gold, and about it are repreſented the Portraits of all the Arch-Biſhops that have ever been of this See. The Relicks alſo that the Prieſts ſhew, are abundance; of which they'l tell you as many Wonders in one Hour, as you will be puzled to believe in Seven Years. The two Pulpits likewiſe in this Church, being curious Work, are both of them well worthy our Obſervation. And to enter into this huge Fabrick, are ſix great Doors or Gates; Three on the *North* ſide; Two on the *South*; And one in the *Weſt* end, where is the Portico and principal Entry; all of which Doors, are large, fair, and adorned with vaſt Plates of Braſs, whereon are finely Carved, many Figures of Saints and Martyrs, with other Ingenious pieces of Hiſtory.

The Archbiſhop, who is always a Cardinal, is Metropolitan of all *Spain*, and for the moſt part is alſo Inquiſitor

Inquiſitor General, or Preſident of the Inquiſition; He is in Rank the next Perſon to the King; not only in Dignity and Authority, but alſo in Subjects, Revenues, and Power; and is eſteemed to be the Richeſt Prelate, next to the Pope, in all the Chriſtian World: For there are under his Juriſdiction and Government, beſides divers little Villages, no fewer than ſeventeen conſiderable Towns, from which the Rents of this Church are raiſed, and do amount to above Two Hundred Thouſand Ducats *per annum.*

But 'tis the River *Tagus* with its golden Sands, that brings in the Wealth and neceſſary Conveniencies to this City; that furniſhes the Inhabitants with variety of excellent Fiſh; makes their pleaſant Gardens flouriſh, and ſupplies their Houſes too for all Occaſions with Water, raiſed up by an incomparable Machine to the top of the Hill; the Invention, as I was told there, of a

Moor; thô others will have it of an *Italian*.

It is this River, I ſay, that conveys much of their Manufactures into other parts of the Country; that makes their Territory fertile in rich Wines, and all ſorts of delicate Fruits, excellent Corn, and Paſturage. I have Theme enough to lengthen out the deſcription of this Town much further, but ſhall only add, that in it, is an Univerſity for the Study of the Civil and Cannon Laws, by which all the King of *Spain*'s Subjects are Governed: And that the City is Famous, for having had Eighteen National Councils held in it, in the time of the *Gothes* Inhabiting there, in order to the Extirpating the *Arrian* Hereſie, with which thoſe *Gothes* were long infected.

But to return to our two Travellers, whom I have too long left at their Lodgings: They, at their firſt coming to this place, finding no manner

manner of Acquaintance, for Coffee-Houſes at that time were ſcarce known in *Spain*: and the Grave Temper of theſe People, which will not eaſily admit of any familiar Converſation with Foreigners, would have made them paſs very unpleaſantly there their vacant time, that lay, as we ſay, but heavy on their hands, by the many Obſtacles and tedious Delays they met with in their Buſineſs, had they not both been Studious and Lovers of Books, eſpecially *Don Feliz*, who was ſomething of a Scholar, having a Genius alſo to Muſick, wherein he was on ſome Inſtruments no mean Performer, particularly on the Viol, and on the Flageolet, an Inſtrument rarely then heard in that Country; nor was his Voice very unpleaſant in Singing.

With Reading therefore, or with Muſick, did they for the moſt part entertain themſelves, and often with Fencing, when either they had no

Buſineſs abroad, or by reaſon of the exceſſive heat of that Clime, they were conſtrained to keep within doors. But their uſual Recreation in the Evenings, was to take the freſh Air in the Fields, and amongſt the Vineyards, or to ſee the curious Gardens; the pleaſant Walks ſhaded with Trees, bearing a variety of the choiceſt Fruits, and deck'd with moſt delightful Greens; and to view the *Norias* or admirable Water-works, with which the *Spaniards* induſtriouſly water their Gardens, ſupply their Fountains, and keep their Grottoes cool. They often went to admire the fine Houſes of Noblemen, and other Perſons of Quality, as well without as within the Walls; or to view the moſt remarkable Churches and Convents; where, by reaſon of the many Eyes to obſerve the Actions of Strangers, an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who is there always look'd on as a Heretick, had need behave himſelf with great Prudence

and

and Circumſpection, leſt by ſome raſh Word or indecent Geſture amongſt their Prieſts, he run him into ſome ill Predicament, from whence he will not find it an eaſie matter to extricate himſelf. In all which places (the Churches not excepted) it is none of the leaſt Divertiſements for Young Men to admire the delicate Shape, Mien, and Air of the *Spaniſh* Ladies; and to Court them; but being veiled, we rarely get a ſight of their Faces.

It was in Contemplating of ſome of theſe attracting Objects, that our youngeſt Traveller was taken up, as he was walking by himſelf one Evening in the Streets, when he was accoſted by an ancient, but brisk Man, whoſe Reverend Aſpect, with long Beard and big Muſtachoes, would have given him a greater reſpect than he merited, by the Errand he was ſent on. For after a formal Salute, he ask'd the young Gentleman, if his Name were not *Don Feliz*? Of which when

when ſatisfied. Then, *Señor*, ſaid he, in a low voice, I am ſent to diſcourſe a matter of ſecreſie with you, from a Lady of Quality. The young Spark, thô not altogether a Novice at theſe kind of Intrigues in this Country, being in ſome ſurprize at firſt, and not well underſtanding his meaning, Sir, anſwered he, I preſume you be miſtaken in the Perſon you intend, for I am a Stranger, and not yet ſo happy to be known to any Lady in this place. I fear I am miſtaken indeed, reply'd the *Spaniard*, ſmiling, ſince you are ſo backward to apprehend a Meſſage ſent you from a fair Lady, who by me Invites you to her Lodging.

Our Gallant, to retrieve his Reputation after ſuch a reproof; Sir, ſaid he, I confeſs my dulneſs, and ſhall readily wait on the Lady who has done me this Honour, if you pleaſe to lead the way, and as we walk to inform me of her Name, Quality, and Lodging. Why, now, anſwer-

ed

ed the *Spaniard*, almoſt laughing out-right, you are as much too quick for me on the other hand; let it ſuffice you to know, that ſhe is ſuch a one as makes no ſmall figure in this Town: And as for her Name and Lodging, you may perchance be ſatisfied of them e'er long. In the mean time, I can only acquaint you, that ſhe lives towards the furtheſt part of this City from hence; whither if you have the Courage to ſuffer your ſelf to be carried in a cloſe Chair to Night, and will meet me at the place I ſhall direct, I'll not fail to wait on you to her, and I am confident you will not afterwards repent you of the Viſit.

After ſome ſmall deliberation, whether or no he ſhould engage himſelf in ſo hazardous an Enterprize, our Gallant reſolutely told him, that he would certainly meet, when and where the *Spaniard* ſhould think fit. They preſently then agreed on the hour to be ten that ſame night, at the

the upper end of a Street, called *La Calle de las Carettes*, juſt by the great Conduit or Marble Fountain there; which was at leaſt half a Mile from the place, where at that time they were diſcourſing. After this aſſignation made, and many kind Expreſſions which paſſed betwixt them, they parted; but with the greateſt Cautions imaginable of keeping this thing ſecret on both ſides.

When our Engliſh *Don* had further conſidered of this Enterpriſe, and of the dangers he would be expoſed to, in ſuffering himſelf to be thus carried he knew not whither, and by Perſons to whom he was altogether a ſtranger, he began to blame his own Raſhneſs, in ſo eaſily conſenting to ſuch an unreaſonable thing, and was juſt ſtaggering in his Reſolution; but remembring that he was obliged in Honour to make good his word; and hugging himſelf with the hopes of enjoying the Converſation of ſo fair a Lady, as he fancied her already to be;

be; he briskly went to the appointed place, where he found the Old Gentleman ſtaying for him, with a Chair, and two *Turkiſh* Slaves, or other Chairmen diſguiſed like ſuch, attending on him. 'Twas now no time to expoſtulate with himſelf, or them; the Chair was held open for him; he went in, and was carried very far, but knew not which way; 'till at laſt he was ſet down within a Portal, and was quickly led, but with great ſilence, to a ſmall back-ſtair-caſe; where mounting two ſtories, he was ſigned by his Guide, the Old Gentleman, to enter, and was there left. He then puſhing open the door, went into a ſpacious Room, hung with Rich Tapeſtry-Hangings, having a Stately Crimſon Damask Bed in it, and Furniſhed with fine *Napolitan* Cabinets, two Noble Looking-Glaſſes; In-laid Tables of Marble, of that manner which the *Italians* call *impezzati*; with a pair of large Silver Candleſticks of

Indian

Indian work, that had two great Wax Lights burning in them; alſo Chairs, and all other Furniture ſuitable in it.

While he was taken up in viewing the State and Grandeur of this Bed-Chamber, he heard a Door opening behind him, and turning about, ſaw coming towards him a handſom Lady, ſeeming to be about the Age of three or four and twenty, of a very graceful Preſence and Mien, and if not to be extol'd for an extraordinary Beauty (that Country rarely affording ſuch) yet might ſhe juſtly claim there to be admitted into the firſt Rank of Lovely Women. She had a Complexion clear enough, a lively quick Eye, and little Mouth, with an admirable ſett of white Teeth; her Face was Oval, her Hair of a ſhining Black, which hanging backwards, in fine Puffs and Curls, was braided together with a croſs Braid juſt below her Neck, upon her bare Shoulders, after their Mode, and was curiouſly

curiouſly trimmed with Knots of coloured Ribon. She had an Excellent white Skin, and delicate hand; her ſtature was middle-ſized; ſhe had a well-proportion'd Body, but rather enclining to be fat, and all her habit, as well as graceful deportment, ſhewed her to be a Perſon of no mean Quality.

At her firſt appearing in the Room, our young Spark was ſomewhat ſurprized, but his aſtoniſhment was very much encreaſed, ſeeing the Lady make a pauſe, and ſtop a while to view him; for as yet he knew not whether this were the Perſon that had ſent for him, or ſome other, who by chance was come in thither; but he was preſently delivered from his uneaſie apprehenſions, when he perceived her to approach nearer, and with a ſmiling look bid him welcom, and thank'd him for the favour of that Viſit. Then, before ſhe ſuffered him to return an Anſwer, ſhe took him by the hand,

which

which ſhe preſt in hers, and made him ſit down in a Chair by her. *Don Feliz* having had time to recover his amazed Spirits, and no longer doubting but that this was the Lady who had given him the Invitation; made her, with great reſpect, a Compliment for the Honour ſhe had done him, in thinking him, who was a Stranger, and unknown to her, worthy of receiving her Commands. The Lady, whom we ſhall call *Doña Fauſtina*, fixing, in a moſt Amorous manner, her Eyes ſtedfaſtly on his Face, told him, ſhe could not believe leſs of him, than that he was a Gentleman, and a Man of Honour; in confidence of which, ſhe having ſeveral times admired him, as ſhe obſerved him in the Town, had taken the boldneſs to give him that trouble, that ſhe might be ſatisfied, whether or no his Parts and Qualifications were correſpondent to his Perſon, and to the Idea which ſhe had formed of him within her ſelf.

He

He aſſured her, that he would be very induſtrious, to make good the beſt Character ſhe could conceive of him; and that he was proud to have any thing in him worthy the Notice of ſo fine a Lady.

As they were thus entring upon their Complements to one another, they were interrupted by two Reverend Matrons, there called *Dueñas*, who are commonly Widdows, or wearing the Habit of ſuch, by whom the *Spaniſh* Ladies are conſtantly attended; ſome having two, others four, or ſix of them, according to their Quality. Theſe are intended by the Husbands for watchful Inſpectors into the Actions of their Wives, but commonly prove to be their Ladies truſtieſt Confidents in all their private Amours. The firſt of theſe two brought into the Room a large gilt Salver, handſomely fill'd and heaped up with thin Biskets, March-panes, and variety of dried Sweetmeats. The ſecond had

ſuch another Salver, furniſhed with Cups of rich Chocolatte, as well hot, as of that cool'd with Snow, alſo with Glaſſes of *Hyppocras*, and of the choiſeſt Wines; which having ſet down, they withdrew, leaving our Gallant and his Miſtreſs to Entertain themſelves with their Junket. Though ſhe often preſſed him to refreſh himſelf, as their Phraſe is, yet ſhe had not the patience to forbear interrupting him, and asking a Thouſand Queſtions of *England*, and of *London*, from whence he had informed her, he came; She deſired to know the difference which he thought was betwixt his Country and that of *Spain*; alſo in what Station he was with the Ambaſſador; his Buſineſs in *Toledo*, and time of his ſtay there. He ſatisfied as many of her Demands as he could; but when he had acquainted her with the uncertainty of her laſt Particular, ſhe ſeem-to be troubled at it.

After

After ſome further Talk, ſhe told him ſhe had heard ſay, that the *Engliſh* were the Handſomeſt and moſt Beautiful Women of the World: Which Report, ſhe proteſted ſhe was apt to credit, if the Women there had an equal proportion of delicate Features with ſome Men of that Nation, whom ſhe had ſeen. I confeſs, Madam, ſaid he, that as they have the advantage of a more Temperate Climate to live in, ſo are their Complexions generally clearer, than thoſe who partake of a greater ſhare of the Sun's Influence; but it follows not, Madam, that theſe hotter Countries muſt be wholly exempt from pure Complexion, which indeed is at the moſt but one Ingredient to the Compoſing of Beauty; for it muſt alſo have a ſweet Symetry of proper Features, a ſparkling Eye, and a lively Air added to it. But there can be no plainer demonſtration of this Truth, than in your Ladyſhip's Face; which, without Flat-

tery, may compare with the moſt Celebrated Beauties of the *Engliſh* Court. For all the World muſt allow, there is a ſprightly Briskneſs and Charming Air peculiar to the *Spaniſh* Ladies, which is rarely to be found in thoſe of other Nations, and does not a little recompence any other Defect which can be objected to them. We are all of us, *Señor Don Feliz*, highly obliged to you, replied the Lady, for this Compliment. But I'm affraid, proceeded ſhe, riſing from her Chair, and gently pulling him by the Hand towards the Bedſide, ſince you have been accuſtomed to the Careſſes of thoſe Admirable Beauties of your own Country, a *Spaniſh* Lady muſt be able to make but a very ſmall Impreſſion in your Heart.

As he was big with a fine Speech to have anſwer'd her, ſhe interrupted him, to make him ſit down by her on the Bed, where changing the Subject, the Converſation was continued,

continued, with all the kind Endearments which on both ſides they were able to expreſs; whilſt the unkind Night, poſting on after its accuſtomed rate, having no regard to the uncertain Joys, nor conſideration of the few ſuch happy Opportunities that Lovers meet with, they were ſurprized to hear the Clock ſtrike Four, when they had thought it had ſcarce been paſt Midnight. She then told him, ſhe was ſorry ſhe muſt put him in mind of returning home; but before his departure, it would be very neceſſary to take theſe Cautions along with him.

That in caſe he valued the Correſpondence thus begun betwixt them, and found not ſo ill an Entertainment with her, as to diſcourage his future coming thither; He muſt be ſure never to diſcover this Intrigue, but keep it ſecret, with all the Care and Fidelity imaginable; and on no Pretence whatever, diſcloſe the leaſt Circumſtance, no, nor hint of it, to

any Perſon in the world; conſidering, that both her Honour and her Life too depended thereon. He owned, that he had reaſon enough to be careful of it, ſince no Adventure that had happen'd to him in all his Life-time before, was ever ſo grateful as this; and prayed her to reſt aſſured, that he was ſufficiently ſenſible of the high Importance of keeping this Matter ſecret, which had not only hers, but his own Life and Happineſs alſo wrapt up in it; and this laſt Conſideration alone was ſufficient to ſeal up his Lips, but much more any Concern of hers; the leaſt of which, he ſhould hereafter reckon a thouſand times dearer to him than his own Life. And he further added, ſhe might be confident, that no Torture ſhould ever have power to extort any part of this Amour from him; for as he had more Honour than to boaſt of it; he had not ſo little Senſe to blab it out at unawares;

nor

nor ſo much Vanity to make a Jeſt of it.

She likewiſe ſtrictly charged him, not to be inquiſitive who ſhe was? Or where ſhe dwelt? And that if he ſhould by chance ever ſee her alone, or with Company, in any Window, Balcone, Coach, or Chair, he ſhould immediately turn away his Eyes, and make haſte from thence, without any asking, or prying after her; which would but give occaſion of Suſpicion and Jealouſie, to the endangering of both their Lives.

When he had ſolemnly proteſted to her, to be punctual in the obſervance of every Article hereof, ſhe took occaſion to tell him, that he being a Traveller, might not perchance have the convenience of Returns of Mony, ſuch as his Affairs required; and entreated him to accept of a ſmall Recruit for his Pocket Expences; thruſting into his Hand, a Paper with Ten *Doblones*, or *Spaniſh* Piſtols of Gold, wrapt up

in it; which he, making an Apology, would at firſt have refuſed, but, *Quis niſi mentis inops*, &c. being preſſed to keep it, he put it up. Then they took leave of each other, yet not without many Sighs, Embraces, and tender Expreſſions of mutual Love, and of a prudent care and warineſs to preſerve it; with an Appointment agreed on for him to return two or three days after, according to the Notice he ſhould receive from the Old Man, who was quickly ſent in by the Lady, to conduct our Traveller down ſtairs, and into the Chair; in which he was conveyed back to the ſame Station where he had been taken up, and was there left to walk Home by himſelf.

This lucky Adventure made our happy Lover not a little proud when he conſidered, how at his firſt ſettling in that City, where he was altogether unknown, he had ſo unexpectedly fallen into the Acquaintance

tance of a Lady, qualified with all thoſe admirable advantages of Beauty, Wit, and Fortune, which he reckoned he had met with in her; and his mind was ſo much taken up with it, that there was ſcarce room for any other Thought: And now he eſteemed his felicity above his utmoſt wiſhes, were it not for one bitter Ingredient thrown into all this ſweet; which was to think how he was forc'd with all the Art and Subtilty he was Maſter of, to diſſemble the thing from his Brother, for ſo his Comrade and he were wont to call one another.

The interval of time betwixt his firſt and ſecond Viſit, which was the third Night after, ſeemed an Age to our impatient Lover; during which, he was ſo tranſported with thoughts of the pleaſure and ſatisfaction he expected, that he could take but little reſt at home or abroad; and every Perſon he ſaw coming into the Piazza, where he was appointed

to

to walk alone that Evening, he fancied to be his old Friend: But at laſt, as it grew dark, he, to his unſpeakable comfort, eſpy'd the Reverend Conductor appear, and made haſte to meet him. Never was Man more tranſported with joy than *Don Feliz* was, to receive this new Summons from his Miſtreſs; and *Señor Fadrique* (for ſo was the Ancient Gentleman called) when he had delivered the Meſſage, and taken our Adventurer's Anſwer, that he would joyfully obey the Directions, promiſed not to fail waiting on him with the Chair at ten a Clock that Night, at the ſame ſtation as the firſt time. Both Parties were very punctual in meeting at the hour, and *Don Feliz* was carried as before, to the Ladies Chamber.

'Tis impoſſible to relate the great tranſport and happineſs of our two Lovers at this ſecond interview. One while they paſſed their time in making high Expreſſions of their Love,

Love and of their Conſtancy to each other, and the cautious ſecreſie to be obſerved therein: By and by would ſhe be asking him Queſtions of the Miſtreſſes he had had in *England*, ſhewing as it were a kind of jealouſie of them, even at that diſtance. Then would they tell pleaſant ſtories, with which, and other delightful paſtime contrived by them, did they divert themſelves 'till it was time to part; and that was not till about three or four in the Morning, when *Señor Fadrique* ſcratched gently at the door, as he had Orders from her, to put them in mind of it; which unwelcom Summons, much againſt their wills, they were forced to obey.

Many other Nights did our happy pair of Lovers meet on this manner, to enjoy themſelves; and once as they were chatting together of divers Matters, ſhe preſſed him to ſatisfie her truly of a thing which ſhe was very deſirous to know; and that was,

if

if he had not another Miſtreſs, either in *Toledo*, or in *Madrid*? Upon his faint denial, ſhe poſitively affirmed, that ſhe was confident he had; and further told him, ſhe was informed he Courted her under the counterfeit Name of *Lesbia*. He then bluſhing, confeſs'd he had formerly made Love to ſuch a one in *Madrid*, but proteſted he had quitted her a good while before his coming from thence. 'Twas time, ſaid the Lady, when you found your Miſtreſs of ſo compaſſionate and open hearted a temper, that ſhe could not give denial to any of her Gallants, for fear of breaking their hearts, but gave free Entertainment to as many as came.

Don Feliz was not only aſhamed to be thus reproached, but was infinitely amazed at her knowledge of this Intrigue; which ſhe eaſily obſerving, told him laughing, ſhe would on ſlight terms releaſe him from the trouble ſhe perceived he

ſuffered

ſuffered in his mind, by letting him know, that ſhe came by her Intelligence, from a Song which an Acquaintance of hers, by liſtning one day under his Window in the Street, had heard him ſing to his Viol.

With this fair acknowledgment, he had all his uneaſie apprehenſions reduced into their quiet order again; but ſhe urged him to repeat the Verſes to her, it not being fit to ſing them in that place, where many times they were under ſuch ſtrict confinement to ſilence, that they durſt only whiſper all their diſcourſe, and were affrighted at every little noiſe they heard, 'till one of their Female Sentinels came to ſatisfie them what it was. He gave her a Copy of the Song, and ſhe ſeem'd not a little pleaſed with it, when ſhe underſtood that both the words and Muſick were of his own Compoſition; admiring his great proficiency in the *Spaniſh* Language in ſo ſhort a time. The ſame Verſes turned into *Engliſh*, run thus.

To

To me, what Favour do the Meadows ſhow,
If thus for all, their Flowers in common grow?
Or what if Springs to quench my Thirſt deſcend,
If ſo thoſe Springs, to all, their Waters lend?

For Light, and Heat, what do I owe the Sun,
If round the World, this daily Courſe he run?
Or how oblig'd for Luna's *Influence,*
If ſhe the ſame to every one diſpence?

O Lesbia, *both in Form and Wit divine!*
How doſt thou Natures chiefeſt Works outſhine?
The Meads to Rival thee diſplay their Pride;
On thee to gaze, the Brooks do ceaſe to glide.

Thou haſt, than Sol, *more Beauties in thy Face;*
And thou in changing, doſt the Moon ſurpaſs.
If cheaply not expos'd, how ſhould I prize,
That Angels Shape, that Mien, thoſe ſparkling Eyes?

But Common made, each Grace I can refuſe;
Which ſolely to poſſeſs, before a Crown, I'de chuſe.

Methinks, ſaid *Doña Fauſtina* ſmiling, you have in this Song expreſs'd a greater Paſſion than the Subject required; but I am well enough pleas'd, to think, that thô ſhe be thus contemptible, ſhe has given me the opportunity of making this diſcovery of your skill in Poetry:

Poetry: But I ſhould have been much better ſatisfied, had it been poſſible for me to have heard this performed by your Voice and Inſtrument together, which I am informed do accord with admirable Sweetneſs. *Don Feliz* told her, he was happy to have gained the Reputation of a good Artiſt in Muſick, with one who was ſo nice a Judge in all Ingenious Accompliſhments, as her Ladyſhip was, and that too, without his having ever been put to the Tryal.

From this Paſſage of *Don Feliz*'s kind-hearted Miſtreſs in *Madrid*, the Lady took occaſion to warn him of the dangers of medling with thoſe Common Women, and gave him many ſad Inſtances of fine Youths ruin'd by the cunning Allurements of thoſe bewitching *Circes*; not only in their Purſes, but in their Perſons too. Particularly one in that City, who was ſo Handſome, Brisk, and Gay, and ſo Enrich'd

rich'd with all the Qualifications of a compleat Gentleman; that as he was reckoned the Darling of the Ladies, attracting their Eyes at all times to admire him, whenever he appeared amongſt them; ſo was he no leſs reſpected of the Beſt and Graveſt Men, for his Excellent Parts and Ingenuity; and was an only Son, the Heir of an Honourable Family, and ſole Branch of it that was then remaining. He was no ſooner looſed from the ſtrict Government of a Prudent Father, lately dead; but falling into an Acquaintance and League with ſome of thoſe Lewd Women, he in a ſhort time ſquandred away a Noble Eſtate among them, and then with crippled Limbs, and a disfigured Face, he was forced to appear for a while the Scorn and Contempt of all that beheld him, till at laſt he ended his Life miſerably in an Hoſpital.

Many ſuch Examples of Terrour did *Doña Fauſtina* relate, to deter her

her Gallant from running himſelf into the Snares of ſuch Common Women. Thoſe hot Countries of *Spain*, *Portugal* and *Italy*, being very fruitful in producing ſuch Tragical Adventures daily: And I heartily wiſh, I could be able to ſay, that our colder Clime of *England*, did ſeldom yield any of the like Nature.

Whilſt *Don Feliz*, thus pleaſantly enjoy'd his happy Opportunities with his Miſtreſs, which were moſt commonly every third or fourth Night, 'tis eaſie to be imagined that as his Brother *Don Enrique* muſt needs be very impatient to know the Reaſon of his being abroad, and walking the Streets at ſuch unſeaſonable Hours; ſo he would omit no Induſtry to pump out the Secret from him, and this not only to ſatisfie his own Curioſity, but to preſerve his Friend from thoſe Miſchiefs, into which it might plainly be foreſeen he would involve

himſelf, if not forewarn'd of them in time.

And one day betwixt Twelve and One of the Clock after Dinner, (for in the heat of Summer they uſually dine there at Eleven) as the two Friends were going up to their Bed-Chamber, which was over their Dining-room, to take their *Sieſta*, or Mid-days Nap, according to the lazy Cuſtom of the *Spaniards*, who, not knowing how to employ that time better, do commonly ſleep till Three; they fell again upon the old Topic, *Don Enrique* gravely reproving him, for uſing the Term of *Hermano*, or Brother (for their Diſcourſe was commonly in *Spaniſh*) when, ſaid he, you treat me more like a Stranger, of whom you had cauſe to be jealous, than a Brother, whoſe Advice, it might be highly neceſſary to take in caſes of danger. For you carry on, proceeded he, your private Intrigues, which I can well enough foreſee, with half an

Eye,

Eye, muſt end, at leaſt in the ruin of your ſelf, if not of us both, if you continue in theſe pernicious Courſes; whilſt I, though I have had a little more Experience in the Affairs of the World, than you can pretend to, am not worthy to be conſulted about them, nor fit to be entruſted with any part of this Secret, no, not ſo much as to know how to diſengage my ſelf, in caſe I ſhould, by your means, be brought into ill Circumſtances, nor be able to aſſiſt you, in any Exigency. I ſhall therefore henceforward, diſclaim that Title of Brother, and that of Friend too, as having no pretence to either.

Don Feliz finding himſelf thus cloſely attacked again, would have defended himſelf with his accuſtomed Excuſes, proteſting he expoſed himſelf to no manner of hazard, much leſs his Friend; but that there being a neceſſity of keeping this Affair ſecret, he entreated him, if he

had any Reſpect or Kindneſs for him, he would forbear his further ſcrutiny into the matter. Were there no other apparent ſigns of a threatning danger to your own Perſon, replyed *Don Enrique*, than the unſeaſonable, and ſcandalous Hours, in which you almoſt Nightly frequent the Streets, when even the *Spaniards* themſelves, and thoſe of the Meaneſt Rank too, are ſcrupulous to do it; it were a ſufficient Cauſe to alarm any one, who had the leaſt concern for you, to put you in mind of your own Security in time, and to prevent the Ruin into which you are evidently falling. Beſides, continued he, ſince you have found out theſe Night-walks, your In-come is much improved; you are much more fluſh in the Pocket than formerly; but whence it ariſes, I am altogether ignorant; though I ſuppoſed, I had known the ſtrength of your Rents and Revenues, while in this Country, as well as your ſelf:

ſelf: And this your fear of a diſcovery, creates a ſuſpicion in me, that your new Current of Wealth, flows from ſome ill Source.

This rough Language nettling the young Spark; you preſs me, ſaid he, more like a Magiſtrate that was reſolved, to draw a Confeſſion from a Criminal, by any means whatſoever, than like one who was concerned for his Friend's ſafety: And in expreſs Terms you charge me, as if I came by theſe Advantages of Mony, by ſome indirect and baſe way. I had thought the knowledge you have had of my Birth, Education, and Manners, would have gained me a better Opinion with you, than that you ſhould conceive ſuch mean ſuſpicions of me; eſpecially too, conſidering that you your ſelf have ſhared with me no ſmall part of the Benefit, and yet without any ſcruple of Conſcience. But to clear your Imagination of theſe Extravagant Conjectures; let it ſuffice to

tell you, that I have an Intrigue of Love with a Lady of this Town, which I have engaged never to diſcloſe, and muſt therefore conjure you to urge me no further in it; for only by ſatisfying your inquiſitive Humour herein, I ſhould render my ſelf the moſt falſe and perfidious Man living.

You tell me, ſaid his Brother, but what I before ſuſpected; and as you have given me this hint, ſo ſhould you alſo diſcover the whole to me, who am, as you know, your Friend, and concerned more for your Good than for my Curioſity; it is but ſtill, as it were lock'd up in your own Breaſt, becauſe you can never ſuffer Injury by it. Therefore I cannot forbear enquiring further, who, and what ſhe is; that in caſe I ſhould not ſo effectually make you ſenſible of the danger, which you, who are a Foreigner, do incur, in Courting a *Spaniſh* Lady, be ſhe Married or Single; yet you may at leaſt,

take

take my Advice, how to proceed with Caution in your Amour for the time to come. But hereof be confident, that tho' you ſtill conceal the thing from me, you cannot alwaies convey your ſelf ſo cunningly to your Miſtreſs, and home again, but you will at one time or other be diſcovered: There will be prying *Linxes* to find you out, and reveal your crafty Intrigue, to the Jealous Husband, the Brothers, or other near Relations, who will revenge this Affront done to their Honour and Family, with your Death: Or in caſe ſhe be a Common Woman, which I confeſs I can ſcarcely think, by the ſupplies of Mony you ſo conſtantly meet with, yet even ſuch a one will have her Gallant, that will ſhortly find his opportunity to cut your Throat.

By this Diſcourſe, our firm Lover's Conſtancy, was a little ſhocked, and beginning to reflect on the dangers his Friend had been repre-

ſenting; he confeſſed to him, he knew not who the Lady was, but believed her to be of Quality; that ſhe lived very far off, but could not tell the place where; and then related, the manner of his being carried to her Lodging and back. *Don Enriquez*, being fully informed of the thing, uſed all the preſſing Arguments he could invent, to make him ſenſible of the diſmal Conſequence, that muſt needs attend that raſh and unwarrantable courſe of his.

And they continued their Talk on this Subject for ſome time longer, as they lay on their Bed, till Sleep put an end to it, which kept them faſt, almoſt three Hours, that it was paſt Three of the Clock; and then as *Don Feliz* betwixt Sleep and Wake, was beginning to rub his Eyes in order to get up, he was ſtartled at the ratling of a Stone in the Room, which ſomebody had thrown in at the Window; for the Windows there are made with croſs Barrs of Iron

Iron only, having woodden Shutters on the inſide, but ſeldom have any Glaſs before them. He got up and looked out to ſee who had flung it, but obſerved not any body beneath, except Paſſengers walking by; then ſearching for the Stone, found alſo a Note bound neatly to it, with a piece of Crimſon Silk, and on it this Superſcription. *A Don Feliz el Eſtrangero: To* Don Feliz *the Foreigner.* Which he opening, Read as follows.

Don Feliz.

WEre you not the moſt perfidious Man living, you would not ſo eaſily have betrayed the Truſt I repoſed in you. All your Pretences, that no Torture ſhould ever draw from you the leaſt Article of our Intrigue, are very quickly forgot: And the whole Diſcovery made, without any damage to your own Perſon; while mine is expoſed for a Sacrifice to your Indiſcretion. Is this the effect of your fair Words,

Words, your repeated Oaths and boaſted Fidelity? Could your great Courage and firm Conſtancy, make no better Oppoſition to ſo ſlight an Attack? But I may upbraid my ſelf, for ſo raſhly hazarding, both Life and Reputation in the Hands of a Stranger; and yet I have learnt by this timely Precaution, not to expoſe my ſelf any more to the mercy of his Tongue, who has ſo mean a Spirit, as can be induced to proclaim a Lady's Favours to him. No Excuſe can palliate your Crime, 'tis beyond all Reparation. But ſeeing I have eſcaped the Miſchief, of ſo baſe a Treachery, I can paſs by the Affront, and attribute it to your Folly, and the ill Manners you brought from your own Country. And having now thrown you out of my Heart, I have alſo excluded you my Doors. Be not then hereafter ſo fooliſh to expect any further admittance to

The Injured

Doña Fauſtina.

'Tis

'Tis not poſſible to expreſs the aſtoniſhment and confuſion, that *Don Feliz* was in at his Reading this Letter. Vext he was at the Soul, to ſee the ſcorn with which ſhe treated him, and yet grieved, to think he ſhould have been prevailed with to tell the whole Adventure, by which he had now loſt the Favour of his Miſtreſs; and more amazed was he, to conſider who had been her private Intelligencer, ſo ſoon to carry her the News of it; reſolving to watch the Eaves-dropper for the future, that if poſſible he might ſurprize ſuch a one, he would be ſure to quit ſcores with him for the good Office done him. Then was he enraged to reflect on his own Folly, that for Improvement of his Comrade, muſt needs hold ſuch a Diſcourſe with him in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, which if in *Engliſh*, might have been a Secret ſtill.

He thus revolving a thouſand wild Fancies in his Head, went down Stairs,

Stairs, leaving *Don Enrique* a-ſleep on the Bed, as he had all this while continued; then walking about from Place to Place, and muttering to himſelf, he ſeemed as one diſtracted, but could find no eaſe any where. When it grew near Ten a Clock at Night, it coming into his Mind, that at this time was the appointment for his waiting on *Doña Fauſtina*; he poſted to the accuſtomed Station, where he uſed to meet the Chair, hoping that this might only prove a Dream or Trick of ſome other Perſon, and that the Lady all this while might not know of it: But at the Marble Conduit, he found neither the Chair, nor his Friend *Señor Fadrique* that ſhould attend it, thô he ſtaid till it ſtruck Eleven. After this diſappointment he returned home, and to bed, without giving *Don Enrique* any Account of the reaſon of his Diſorder, thô often urged to it, with great importunity.

In

In this Melancholy Humour, he paſſed his time for three or four days, during which, no Muſical ſound was heard in their Lodgings; the Songs were now forgot; the Viol hung up untouch'd and untun'd, and all their Harmony was ſpoiled; for their wonted Mirth, and chearful Converſation, was turned either to a ſullen Silence, or jarring Diſcord, *Don Feliz* hardly affording his Brother, or indeed any other Perſon a civil Anſwer, to any thing that was ſaid to him, and looked upon *Don Enrique* now, as the ſole cauſe of all his Miſfortune.

The fourth Evening after his being thus diſcarded, as it was growing dark, and he was walking diſcontented by himſelf in the *Plaçuela*, he eſpyed at a diſtance *Señor Fadrique*, croſſing the further end of it; whom, as faſt as his *Spaniſh* Gravity would permit he haſted to accoſt. The *Eſcudero*, or Gentleman-Uſher (for that was his Office to

Doña

Doña Fauſtina) ſeem'd as if he were ſurprized at the ſight of *Don Feliz*; and though he pretended Buſineſs and haſte, yet was he content to be ſtopt for a moment.

After a ſhort Complement, *Don Feliz* began to enquire of the Lady's Health, and ſeeming to wonder why he had not been attended by him, with the Chair at the old Station, the Night that had been agreed on. You know the Reaſon, *Señor*, I conceive, anſwered the Old Gentleman, better than I, who am totally ignorant of the matter, further, than that I find my Lady to have a great Quarrel againſt you, and conjecture that ſome body has been doing you an unkind Office with her; for ſhe has told me in great fury, ſhe has an Averſion to you, and is reſolved never more to ſee your Face; and ſhe has charged me, that for the time to come, I do not preſume ſo much as to name your Name to her. I was attempting

attempting to plead for you; alledging that ſhe might be miſtaken in her Suſpicions of you, or have entertained ſome envious Information to your prejudice, which you might clear, if admitted to make your own Defence; and that ſhe was too rigorous thus to condemn an abſent Perſon, meerly by Hear-ſay; without allowing him to ſpeak for himſelf, by which ſhe might be ſatisfied of the Truth of the Fact, whereof he ſtood Accuſed. But ſhe would liſten to no Arguments in your Favour, and commanded me to be ſilent; adding that what ſhe had been told concerning you, came from ſuch Hands, that there could be no ground, in the leaſt to ſcruple the Truth of it.

Don Feliz's Trouble was encreaſed, at the hearing this ſorrowful Account of the ill poſture of his Affairs, with his Miſtreſs, and yet, he longed earneſtly for a Reconciliation with her; for the obtaining whereof, he was content to paſs by all the Indig-

Indignities ſhe had put upon him, by the ſcornful Expreſſions of her Letter, and her Words to her Servant. He therefore judged it neceſſary, to retain *Fadrique* for his Advocate, who had often taſted his Liberality before, and would conſequently, he thought, be the readier to ſerve him now. He then ſtepping cloſer to *Fadrique*, thruſt into his Hand a couple of *Doblones* or *Spaniſh* Piſtols, which the *Eſcudero* did not much ſcruple the putting up; and at the ſame time *Don Feliz* told him, he was ſenſible that he had highly offended his Lady, but entreated *Fadrique's* kind Interceſſion in his behalf, ſince he utterly refuſed to ſtay the writing any Note or Letter to her; and *Don Feliz* deſired him to preſs, that he might be once more permitted, at leaſt to throw himſelf at her Feet, to beg her Pardon; ſince that way of proceeding with him was too ſevere, to puniſh him in the higheſt degree that was poſſible,

poſſible, without hearing what he could ſay for the palliating his Crime, which, he ſaid, he doubted not but had been ſufficiently aggravated by his Accuſer.

The Gold ſeem'd to have wrought the uſual effect which it does upon Perſons of *Señor Fadrique*'s Profeſſion; for before they parted, he ſhewed himſelf much more complaiſant than at their firſt meeting; and now he proteſted, he would hazard the loſs of his Ladies Favour, for the Service of ſo worthy a Gentleman; who, he ſaid, he was perſwaded, had been wronged by ſome ill-natur'd Pick-thank. And in confidence of his good Succeſs, he appointed *Don Feliz*, at the uſual Hour of Ten that ſame Night, to meet at the Conduit, where was their conſtant Rendevouz; to which *Fadrique* engag'd to come, either with, or without the Chair.

Thus after a grave Complement, and the *Spaniard*'s begging to be

excuſed for not ſtaying till *Don Felix* had writ, he went away, leaving our mortified Lover, in great hopes of having Matters accommodated between his Miſtreſs and himſelf; but very impatient till the two Hours ſhould be expired, it being now not above Eight a Clock at the moſt.

As he walked about from one place to another, with great uneaſineſs to paſs the time away; ſtill gueſſing doubtfully what would be the Iſſue of this Meſſage; and in caſe it ſhould be liſtened to, and ſhould come to a Treaty, with the Lady, he was conſidering what he had to plead in his own Defence. On this Subject, ſuch variety of Arguments came flowing into his Head, that it made him fear, leſt when brought before her, he ſhould be in danger to perplex his Cauſe by over-doing, rather than advantage it. Preſently he was tranſported with Joy, to think, how fair

fair he ſtood, for the regaining that happy State and Condition he had loſt by his Imprudence, and his diſhonourable breach of Faith, with a Woman, from whom he had received ſuch kind Treatment: But then he conſidered, that all the hopes he could muſter, in his own Favour, were only collected from the ſordid compliance, and cringing of her Servant, who for the Reward ſake, would promiſe beyond his power of performance: By and by, he was ready to fancy, that this had not been an accidental Rancounter, but a thing deſigned by *Doña Fauſtina*, and *Fadrique*, to retrieve her loſt Lover. Which Conceit for ſome time, extreamly pleaſed him; but he afterwards fell upon another more diſagreeable Thought, of what the Conſequence would be, if it ſhould not prove ſo, and began to conſider how hard a matter it was, to appeaſe the Rage of a *Spaniard*, whether Man or Woman, that had

once been incenſed againſt another, but much more againſt one that had affronted a Lady, who Loved him, and had entruſted her Honour in his Hands.

This laſt Thought brought into his Memory, a Tragical Story, which he himſelf knew had happened, but juſt before his coming from *Madrid*, and was thus.

THE

THE

Wrong'd Innocence clear'd.

THE Publick Houſes in which they ſell Wine in *Spain*, are called *Bodegones*, and are of no greater Credit there, than our common Ale-Houſes are in *England*. Theſe have ſeldom more than one Room for the Entertainment of their Gueſts, where every one calling for his *Quartillo* of Wine, being about half a Pint, he mixes it with Water, drinks it off ſtanding, and goes his way: But when Acquaintance meet, they will fall into Diſcourſe, for half an Hour or longer, of News, or ſome other Subject; not much unlike the Converſation in our Coffee-Houſes. It was in one of theſe *Bodegones*, near the King's Palace in

Madrid, that certain Perſons were accidentally met together, at about Eight or Nine a Clock in the Morning, to take up their little Cup of Wine, and to chat a while, round a *Braſero* of Charcoal; for it was a ſharp Morning at the beginning of *March*.

Amongſt theſe, a Gentleman happening to commend a Lovely Young Woman, but unknown to him, whom he chanced to have ſeen in the Street, at his coming in thither: The Company fell into Diſcourſe of Handſom Women, naming ſeveral, as well of the the Town, as the Court, that were celebrated for Admirable Beauties. Now there being preſent in the Room, one of the King's Yeomen of the Guard, of that they call the Band of *Flemings*; he told the Company, that there was not one of all thoſe Ladies they had extoll'd, but muſt in Reaſon ſubſcribe to a fine Woman he had the Honour to know, which was the Incomparable *Señora*

Jacynta

Jacynta de Quiñones; and deſcribed her with more Eagerneſs and Paſſion, than was fit to be uſed, by any one in that Country, but much leſs a Stranger as he was. And before he made an end, gave his Tongue the liberty of boaſting, as if he had received Favours from her. This Extravagance of his, did not a little amaze thoſe that heard him, but principally a Merchant, who was a near Neighbour and Friend of that Woman's Husband; and he being deſirous of a clearer Satisfaction concerning this Matter: Sir, ſaid he, you are a moſt happy Man, to have the Enjoyment of ſo fair a Creature; but, with your permiſſion, may I ask if this be not the Wife of *Señor Alonſo de Quiñones*, the Rich Mercer of Silks, who lives by the Church of the Incarnation? I muſt not deſcend to ſuch plain Particulars (anſwered the vain-glorious *Dutchman*) after giving this Account of her, and yet I ſhall venture to ſay, ſhe

lives not very remote from that Church you named.

His Folly and Impertinence would have tranſported him further, had not the Company been nauſeated with it, and left him. But the Merchant in his walk home, called on his Acquaintance the Mercer, and after a Preamble of the Trouble he had ſuffered, to hear his Friend ſo publickly diſhonoured by a Stranger, he gave him the whole Account of what paſſed; and proteſted it was the leaſt Mark of his Friendſhip he could poſſibly expreſs to ſo worthy a Perſon as *Señor Alonſo*, to have cut that boaſting Villain's Throat, had he not been ſurrounded by divers others of the King's Servants: And added, that he had nevertheleſs hewn his way through the midſt of them, to do it, did he not in Conſcience believe the Lady to be Innocent, having only had the Misfortune to ſuffer that Blemiſh in her Honour, by the unbounded current

of

of a ſcandalous Tongue; and that he fear'd by ſuch an Action, to give a greater Authority to the Report.

The Mercer diſſembling his Paſſion, ſeem'd to hearken to his Neighbours Relation, with ſome ſlight, as not crediting the *Fleming*'s boaſt; but ſo ſoon as his Friend was gone, though he loved his Wife dearly as his own Heart, and had never had the leaſt cauſe of Suſpicion of her before, yet was he now tranſported with Jealouſie to the higheſt degree; and going up Stairs, in a great Rage, into her Bed-Chamber, he found her there ſitting at her Table. before her Looking-Glaſs, and dreſſing her Head. The violent Fury he was in, gave him not leave at firſt, to utter one word, but walking to her, he with his left Hand laid faſt hold of her curious braided Hair, whilſt with his right, he drew out his Dagger, which the Trades-Men there, as well as others, have alwaies hanging at their Girdles, and was pulling her

her back in her Chair, intending to have ſheathed it in her Breaſt; But upon a loud ſhriek which the affrighted Gentlewoman gave, and her crying out to know the Cauſe, of this his barbarous Treatment, who was about to Murder her, without acquainting her why he did it; he ſtopt his Hand, and told her, that thô the Crime ſhe was guilty of, was of ſo black a Nature, that ſhe Merited not to have the leaſt Moments Reſpit allowed her, from the juſt and favourable Puniſhment he was about to inflict on her for it; yet for her Souls ſake, he would be ſo kind, to let her firſt ask God Forgiveneſs of the foul Sin ſhe had committed againſt Him, and againſt ſo loving a Husband. And he charged her not to trifle away the little time ſhe had to Live, but diſpatch her Devotion quickly, ſince the Revenge due for ſo great an Injury, was no longer to be deferred. And as to her demanding a Reaſon for this rigorous

rigorous procedure; ſhe needed but appeal to her own Conſcience, which could furniſh her with Reaſon enough, to juſtifie what he was about to do. She then falling on her knees, with the Tears ſhowring from her Eyes, told him, that, ſhe perceived, ſome Malicious Perſon, envious of the Happineſs ſhe had enjoyed with him, had been inſinuating falſe Inventions into his Mind, for her deſtruction; and therefore conjured him, as he would anſwer the contrary, before the great Tribunal, at the laſt and dreadful day, that he would explain himſelf, and not thus cruelly butcher an Innocent Perſon, who had never yet in any degree broke her Marriage Vows made to him, with which he ſeemed to tax her, nor in any other reſpect had ever wronged him.

The Edge of the Husband's Rage being a little taken off, by this beginning to expoſtulate, he proceeded to tell her, that thô ſhe had managed

managed her Amorous Deſigns with that admirable Conduct, ſo as to keep them all this while concealed from him, yet that her Galant had the Confidence to proclaim them to all the World. She ſtill on her knees, putting a ſtop to the current of her Tears, pray'd him to tell what Villain had the Impudence to utter ſo great a Falſhood? Do you ask, demanded he, which of your Lovers has made this Confeſſion? It was *Hendrick* the *Flemming*, to day, did it publickly in a *Bodegon*.

I cannot deny (anſwered his Wife, expreſſing the height of Indignation in her Looks) but I have ſeen that baſe Fellow, yet no otherwiſe than in your Company; and I muſt own, that you have reaſon enough to juſtifie the Revenge you are about to Execute on her, who would prefer ſo contemptible a Wretch, to ſuch a Husband as you, had I really done ſo. But ſince you are poſſeſſed with what has been maliciouſly ſuggeſted

againſt

againſt me, 'twill be a difficult Task to convince you of my Innocence, by any Apology I can make; yet I heartily beg, that before you proceed to take away my Life, you will give me leave for one Hours time, to go abroad by my ſelf, and if I bring not back moſt evident Proofs of my being wronged, and that your Honour, as alſo that of both our Families is ſecure from Scandal, I will without murmuring ſubmit to the Death, which you threaten, and I ſhall juſtly deſerve. And before you refuſe me this Favour, Pray, call to your Remembrance the tender Affection you have ſo often expreſſed to me; alſo what Opportunities of diſhonouring you, I have ever allowed my ſelf, during the two Years that I have been your Wife, and the little colour of Truth there is in this ſcandalous Accuſation of abuſing you.

Theſe Motives, together with the real Love he had alwaies had for her;

her; the humble poſture ſhe was then in, and ſweetneſs of her Countenance, which diſcovered not the leaſt mark of Guilt in it, and withal, her never having had any blot or leaſt ſtain in her Reputation before, had by this time quite diſarmed her Husband's Rage.

You ſee, *Señora*, ſaid he, very calmly ſtepping back, and ſheathing his Dagger, you ſee what Influence you have over me; how eaſily I can comply with your Requeſts, and how ſcrupulous I am, leſt I ſhould happen, through an Error, to be Unjuſt to you, in not affording you a means, as I hope you may, of clearing your ſelf. All which would but more aggravate your Crime, ſhould you ſtill prove guilty; and would raiſe my Reſentment to ſo high a pitch, as would make me ſearch, till I found you out in your cloſeſt Sanctuaries, and thence drag you, that I might Execute on you by a ſeverer Method, that Exemplary

ry Juſtice, which I have now but threatned.

After he had concluded this Parly with her, he went down Stairs, and left her to her ſelf. She quickly followed, ſo ſoon as ſhe was dreſſed, and had prepared her ſelf for her purpoſe; And when ſhe had compoſed her Looks, that ſhe might not appear to have been Crying, ſhe walk'd out, going directly to the King's Palace, and up the great Stairs, which divide the two principal Courts, and lead into the Guard Chamber. There ſhe enquiring for *Señor Hendrick* the *Fleming*, was told he was below in the Court, talking with ſome Merchants of his Country: And one of his Brethren of the Guard, was ſo officious to ſerve the Fair Lady, as to go out to the Balluſters of the upper Cloyſter, which is near the Queen's Apartment, and from thence to ſhew where he ſtood beneath, in the Court; which was then, and is daily,

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crouded with Merchants and others, at betwixt Eleven and Twelve of the Clock (for it was now about that Hour) ſo as the Royal Exchange in *London*, is, at Exchange-time; For there is the great reſort of Perſons of all Conditions, as well for their diſpatch of Buſineſs together, as for hearing of News.

The Lady having fixed her Eye on him, went down, and preſſing forward till ſhe came where he was, pulled him by the Cloak; He turning, and ſeeing at this Elbow a fine Woman, cloſe veiled, left his Company, and began to imagine her ſome kind Creature, who falling in Love with his Perſon (of which he himſelf was not the leaſt Admirer,) was come to give him an Invitation to ſome Amorous Entertainment; He therefore looking ſweetly on her, was about to accoſt her with wanton Phraſes, ſuitable to ſuch Occaſions. But it was not long before ſhe ſhewed, that her Buſineſs

was

was of a more ſerious Nature. For asking him firſt, if his Name were not *Señor Hendrick?* And he ſatisfying her, it was ſo. She open'd her Veil, diſcovered her Face, and demanded if he knew her? He, as one tranſported with Joy, and confirmed in his firſt Thoughts of her, anſwered briskly, yes, Madam, I have often ſeen and admired you. But did you never ſpeak to me before? Proceeded the Lady, raiſing her Voice, and yet calmly. No Madam, reply'd the *Dutchman*, I have never had that Honour, till this happy Minute. Then baſe Villain, purſued ſhe, let this be the Reward of thy Lying, Scandalous Tongue: At which words, ſhe drew out a ſmall Piſtol, which ſhe had held ready cock'd under her Veil, and clapping it to his Breaſt, fired it, and ſhot him through the Body.

The report and ſmoake of the Piſtol, fill'd the whole Court with Aſtoniſhment; none being able to gueſs at

the Occaſion of it, except thoſe who had been preſent, and heard the Words which paſſed between them; and thoſe very Perſons were ſo amazed, that thô they beheld the thing done, and the Man fall, yet had not the power to lay hands on the Actreſs; as ſcarce believing it could have been that fine young Lady, who had done ſo bloody a Deed; but ſhe lifting up her Eyes, which till then had been fixed on the dead Man, boldly told the Spectators: It was ſhe that had thus revenged her ſelf on that Infamous Wretch, who without Cauſe had defamed her, and done her ſo great Injury, that the Law it ſelf was not capable enough to repair it. And further added, that ſhe had been careful to obſerve, whether or no the Work had been as well performed, as it was intended; for in caſe it had fallen ſhort, ſhe was prepared (ſhewing another Pocket-Piſtol) to have done it more effectually. But that ſince ſhe had

thus

thus Executed on him, the Juſtice due to her wronged Innocence, ſhe was ready to ſuffer with Pleaſure, the moſt rigorous Puniſhment that could be inflicted on her.

The *Alguazils* or Serjeants belonging to the Court, who are the proper Officers to ſeize and carry Offenders away to Goal, had, by this time, laid hands on her, and were about to drag her to the *Carcel de Corte*, which is the chief Priſon of *Madrid*, (a Building, for its outward Beauty, more reſembling a Stately Palace, than a Goal) but that the Queen forbad it; (for it was during the Regency of the preſent Queen Mother of *Spain*, and Minority of her Son, King *Charles* the Second, that this happened) She, having heard the Piſtol, and been told, that one of her Servants had been kill'd by a Lady, was curious to have a full Relation of the Matter: And becauſe that none was able to give her Majeſty any Satisfaction in

it; She commanded the Woman to be brought up into her Preſence, to have it particularly from her own Mouth.

Señora Jacynta, with the Tears all the while trickling down her Cheeks, gave the Queen a large Account of what had paſſed that Morning, relating to her and the *Fleming*; and thô ſhe ſhewed to have an undaunted Courage as to the loſs of her Life, for which ſhe expected no Favour; and made appear the Satisfaction ſhe had in her Revenge; yet did ſhe Modeſtly expreſs her ſelf in ſuch proper Terms, and with ſo becoming a Grace, under all that Misfortune, that not only the Queen, but every one there preſent, was extreamly affected with a real Sorrow and Compaſſion for her. Inſomuch, that her Majeſty gave Order, that inſtead of being ſent to Priſon, ſhe ſhould only be detained in the Palace till the next Morning, and then appointed the whole Matter to be heard,

heard, by an *Alcalde de Corte*, who is a Judge or Magiſtrate before whom ſuch like Proceſſes do properly come.

On the Morrow, when the Huſband was brought into the Court; and he with the ſeveral Witneſſes who had been Summoned, were all fully heard; it appearing that *Henrick* the *Fleming*, was a Perſon Notorious, for boaſting a pretended Familiarity with divers Women of Eminent Virtue; and ſome alſo of conſiderable Quality: And that by his laſt Words, he had owned in preſence of ſo many Men of good Reputation, that he had never till then ſpoke to the Lady, ſhe was there, by the Court declared Innocent of the Scandal that had been thrown upon her; And this Sentence was therefore pronounced in her Favour.

That notwithſtanding, *Señora Jacynta de Quiñones*, had been found Guilty of killing a Man; and with a Pocket Piſtol, a Weapon (in that

Country) ſo unlawful, that whatſoever Perſons are taken, carrying ſuch about them, they are condemned to ſerve in the Galleys for the ſpace of four Years; and thô this Act had been committed within the Verge of the Court, and even in the Royal Palace it ſelf, where the ſtriking but a Blow in a Quarrel, is a forfeiture of the Striker's Right Hand: Yet it was the Queen's Pleaſure, the Woman ſhould be pardoned, in regard the *Fleming* had but juſtly ſuffered for the Miſchief, which by his Scandalous boaſting, he had like to have brought on an Innocent Perſon.

And the Queen was further pleaſed to proſecute her Kindneſs to the Woman, in cauſing the Merchant her Husband to be made fully ſenſible, that ſince his Wive's Vertue and Innocence, were ſo conſpicuous to all the World, he ſhould hereafter eſteem it ſo; and a kind Reconciliation, being propoſed betwixt them, was readily entertained by both, ſo that

that they were ſent home very Loving Friends, with an Engagement never more to upbraid one the other, with what had happened on that Occaſion.

This Story of the Woman's Revenge on the *Fleming*, at *Madrid*, coming thus freſh into *Don Feliz* his Memory, ſtaggered his eager Reſolution of meeting his Friend, *Señor Fadrique*, in the *Calle de las Carettees*, at Ten a Clock, as had been agreed on, and it extreamly perplex'd him to think, that he was ſo unhappy as not to have any Confident whom he could entruſt, or conſult with, of what was beſt to be done in this Exigency. At length he reflected, how poor and diſhonourable a thing it would be for him, out of a meer Faintheartedneſs, to decline the ſeeing his Miſtreſs, and the fair hopes he had of regaining her Favour; eſpecially when he had ſome cauſe to imagine, that his finding *Fadrique*

in the *Plaçuela*, looked rather like a thing deſigned than accidental; ſince in all his walks up and down the Streets of the City, he had never ſeen *Fadrique*, but at ſuch times as he was to bring him notice of going the ſame Night to *Doña Fauſtina*. And withal, he conceived that ſo violent a Love as ſhe had alwaies expreſſed to him, could not ſo quickly be converted into mortal hate, ſeeing his Crime was not to be compared with the *Fleming*'s; which was a publick Boaſt in a Tavern, voluntarily made, and of Favors too, which, as it appeared, he had never received: Whereas this of his was only a diſcovery extorted from him, by an intimate Friend, who was no leſs concerned for his ſafety than his own, and conſequently would never reveal the Secret, neither indeed could he, ſince he knew it but imperfectly. Thus he ran on making a parallel of the Circumſtances on both ſides, and concluding the whole

whole matter in his own Favour; that the Lady could have no ground for taking away his Life, as *Señora Jacynta* had done the boaſting *Flemming*'s.

As he was entertaining himſelf with theſe Thoughts, he plucking out his Watch, ſaw it wanted not much of Ten a Clock; he therefore without allowing himſelf any further time of Debate, went in haſte away to his old Station, where he walked almoſt three Quarters of an Hour, before he could ſee any appearance of his Conductors, which began to diſcourage him and make him deſpair of Succeſs for that Night. But as he was giving his laſt Turn towards the Streets end by which they uſed to come, he met *Fadrique* almoſt out of breath for haſte, looking with a pleaſed Countenance, and demanding *Albricias*, as their Phraſe is, meaning a Preſent or Reward for the good Tidings he brought; and then acquainted him, that

that the Lady being at laſt overcome by the preſſing Importunity he had made on *Don Feliz* his behalf, was contented to admit him to make the beſt Defence he could for himſelf.

Scarce had *Don Feliz* the patience either to anſwer, or to ask any Queſtions of him, ſo overjoyed was he at the News; but getting nimbly into the Chair, which by this time was come up, he was carried away with great ſpeed to her Houſe; and going up into the Room, ſaw her by and by enter, but in ſo furious a Paſſion, that he ſoon began to repent his coming thither. She upbraided him with the breach of all his Promiſes and Oaths, and with the poor weakneſs of his Temper, that could ſo eaſily be wrought upon to reveal a Secret of that Importance, to a Perſon whom he ſhould rather have called to account for his rude Impertinence, than have endeavoured on that tame manner, to ſatisfie him in every

every particular, and heedleſly to diſcourſe it all the while with him in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, ſo loud, as to give Liſtners an opportunity of bringing her a Relation of it. Every little Circumſtance of the whole Matter ſhe aggravated too, in the illeſt Terms, that a Woman's Anger and Malice could poſſibly ſuggeſt. And in thus venting her Paſſion, ſhe raiſed her Voice ſo loud, that one of her *Duenas* was obliged to look in at the door three or four times, and by ſigns to put her in mind of being more huſh'd.

He thought it not convenient to heighten the Lady's Rage, by a quarrelling Juſtification of himſelf, thô ſufficiently provok'd to it, and yet attempted mildly ſeveral times to excuſe his Fault, by the ſtudied Arguments he had brought along with him; which was all in vain, for ſhe gave him not the hearing of them, neither regarded the Patience and Reſpect with which he bore all the Indig-

Indignities ſhe put upon him. Which courſe uſage was beginning to have kindled as great a flame of Paſſion in his Breaſt, as was raging in hers, had he not better conſidered the ill conſequence of ſuch a piece of Raſhneſs, and bethought himſelf of a more ſecure way to ſtop the current of her indefatigable Tongue. He raiſed up his Body from the humble poſture in which he ſtood to ſuſtain all the ſhock of her furious Reprimands, then ſtepping forwards, he ſeized her in his cloſeſt Embraces, and gave her ſuch a ſhower of Kiſſes, as almoſt ſtifled her, with which he quickly ſilenc'd the Rattle of her ſhrill Voice. After this, he puſhing her gently backwards to the Bedſide, ceaſed not to proſecute his Amorous Victory, till he had quite diſarmed her of all her conceived Anger; for he urged ſo many Arguments of his Love to her, and preſſed them home with ſo much fervency, as they were on the Bed together,

gether, that ſhe afterwards confeſs'd his Rhetoric was ſo powerful, and ſo very charming, ſhe could no longer forbear giving him a general Act of Indemnity.

After this fair Adjuſtment of all differences betwixt them, our two Lovers thought fit to remove from the Bed to the Table, and the Lady giving her accuſtomed ſign at the Door, to her *Dueñas*, they brought in their Salvers of Biſcuits, Sweetmeats, and variety of delicate Liquors, with which *Don Feliz* and his Miſtreſs having refreſhed themſelves, they were for a while contending in Words, which of them ſhould utter the greateſt Expreſſions of their Love and true Affection one to the other, wherein they did not ſcruple to proteſt ſolemnly, that they were ready to lay down their Lives, each for the other's ſafety, in caſe of Exigency. And yet after all theſe Endearments, and Promiſe of a perpetual Amneſty of all Faults on both

ſides,

ſides, *Doña Fauſtina* could not forbear hinting upon the old Topic by way of Advice to him, begging him to beware of running into the ſame Error again, and to avoid all other Occaſions, that could afford the leaſt cauſe of ſuſpicion, and particularly in caſe he ſhould chance to ſee her in any Place whatſoever, that he ſhould at the inſtant, turn away his Eyes, and poſt quickly from thence, leſt his very Looks ſhould betray the Thoughts of his Heart, and ſome curious Obſerver make from thence a diſcovery of their Loves.

She then diſcourſed to him, how remarkable the *Engliſh* Merchants, and the *Flamencos*, or *Flemmings*, were in that Country, for their indiſcreet gazing on any Lady they liked, whether it were in Coach, Window, or elſewhere, and that they had ſhewn ſuch ſeeming Pleaſure and Delight, in ſtaring in their Faces, as if they had ſome crafty Intrigue

trigue with them; which Folly of theirs, had created ſo violent a Jealouſie in the Husband or other Relation, as had proved of very fatal Conſequence, and many times, to the Perſons themſelves, who gave the occaſion for it.

This Night their Converſation was interrupted ſooner than ordinary, by one of the *Dueñas* who came from the Poſt where ſhe ſtood Centinel (for thoſe two Women took that Duty nightly by turns) to obſerve what paſſed in the Houſe, and to bring ſpeedy Notice thereof, for preventing any ſurprize that might happen to them, ſo ſhe packed him away in haſte. But notwithſtanding all their Kindneſs, ſhe ſeemed to retain ſome little diſpleaſure ſtill in her Heart, for ſhe either omitted on purpoſe, or forgat his Fee of two or three *Doblones*, at parting, which ſhe ſeldom failed to put into his Hand, on pretence of ſatisfying the Charge he was at, in gratifying her Ser-

vants

vants that waited on him, and his Landlord for sitting up to let him in at his return home, with other incident Expences on her account.

From that time forward, the Correspondence of these Lovers, was carried on with all the Success and mutual Satisfaction, they could possibly desire, they still continuing their Nightly Meetings, at their proper and appointed Seasons. And after the Transports of their Love were over, it was their Custom for passing away the time, as they sat over their silver *Brasero* of Coals, to entertain one the other with the pleasantest Discourses or Stories, they could think of. She also took great delight in hearing how different the several Modes of his Country were from hers, and in making Comparisons of one with the other: The Beauty of their Women would sometimes happen to be their Theme, and then the Constancy and prudent wariness of their Lovers; The

Honour

Honour of the firſt of theſe, ſhe, by a general Report, allowed to thoſe of his Country; but the Credit of the latter ſhe affirmed was to be attributed to the *Spaniards*; for ſhe could not believe the *Engliſh* to have Contrivance enough for managing an Intrigue of Love, with that diſcreet Reſolution as it ought to be, but ſhe ſaid, ſhe was confident they would be apt to ſpoil all, by being too timerous on the one Hand, or too raſh on the other. And added, that Lovers in *England* (as ſhe had been told) were not put to ſuch hard ſhifts for finding out Ways to court their Miſtreſſes, as in *Spain* they were always forced to, and often proved to the Hazard of their Lives; ſince the *Engliſh*, ſhe ſaid, had all the Opportunities they could deſire, of talking freely with Women, whether married or unmarried, and even in the Preſence of their Fathers, Husbands, or neareſt Relations, without Jealouſie, or the leaſt Scruple whatſoever, which made them ſo careleſs of their Behaviour abroad.

Don Feliz told her, he was not willing

to enter into Argument with her for rectifying the ſlight Opinion ſhe had of thoſe of his Country, as to their Skill in the managing of Intrigues; or to juſtifie the innocent Freedom there allowed to Men and Women in their common Converſation: But if ſhe pleaſed, for the avoiding ſuch Diſputes he would rather ſtrive to divert her with an *Engliſh* Love-Story, of a very Modern Date; which contain'd ſomething of Intrigue in it, and therefore he hoped would the better reliſh with her. And he aſſured her that the chief Perſons therein mentioned were of his Acquaintance. The Lady gladly accepted his offer, and he thus began.

The Generous Impoſtor.

'TWas on a fine Summers-day, about Eight a Clock in the Morning, that three Citizens, who had been Merry-making with ſome Friends in the Country, were gallop-

ing

ing from *Ware* towards *London*, and happened to ſee a Lovely Young Woman, in no mean Habit, ſitting under the ſhadow of a ſpreading Tree, that grew on the Road-ſide, betwixt *Enfield* and *Edmunton*. The melancholy Poſture in which ſhe was, incited the Curioſity of the hinmoſt of the three to ſtop his Career, that he might learn of the Lady, why ſhe made choice of ſo duſty a place to Repoſe herſelf in; and yet this ſight had not Influence enough on his two Companions, to make them halt, or to concern themſelves for her; but calling, away, away, they ſpurr'd on and left him. He coming nearer, perceived her to be weeping, thô ſhe ſtrove as much as ſhe could, to conceal it; which obliged him to change, the Merry Complement he had deſign'd to accoſt her with, into a more ſerious Addreſs; deſiring, with great earneſtneſs, to know if ſhe had ſuffered any Misfortune, or that any one had offered her an Injury; proteſting he would very zealouſly endeavour to ſerve her to the utmoſt of his power.

The Lady returning him Thanks for his Civility, aſſured him, that nothing of that had happened to her, in her Journey; and added, that no Inconvenience attending her, could be of ſo great moment as to make him loſe his Company, for an Enquiry after it. Mr. *Cooper*,) for by that Name I ſhall call this Gentleman,) thinking to divert her, told her cheerfully, that he was a profeſſed Knight Errant, and never thought himſelf ſo well imployed, as in the Service of diſtreſſed Ladies, and thô he was not willing to be too officicious and impertinent, yet could he not forbear preſſing to know the Cauſe of her Trouble. The Gentlewoman who was yet hardly able to reſtrain the Current of her Tears, endeavoured to perſwade him not to be ſo inquiſitive after that which would give him very little Pleaſure to know; but finding ſhe could not put him off with any Excuſes, and that ſhe was ſtill urged, thô with great Civility by him, to ſatisfie his Curioſity, ſhe confeſſed that it was chiefly her wearineſs, had put

put her into that diſorder, having indiſcreetly undertaken a tedious Journey, which ſhe doubted, ſhe was not able to perform.

By this time, Mr. *Cooper* had alighted from his Horſe, and ſitting down by her, began to ſhew a Concern for her Trouble, with a Zeal to be aſſiſting to her; and deſired to know the Places Name to which ſhe was going. She ſatisfied him, and that it was about four or five Miles off *Cambridge*. This, he ſaid, was but a ſmall Journey, and needed not ſo much to diſcourage her; ſince ſhe might very eaſily be ſet down there by Night; and asked where her Horſes, or Coach ſtaid for her? She renewing her Tears, owned that ſhe was on foot, and had ſo come from *London* that Morning.

He could not comprehend the Myſtery of what he heard and ſaw; for after a careful ſurvey of the Lady, he was amazed to think, why ſo fine a Young Woman, of ſuch a genteel Appearance, and in that Condition ſhe ſeem'd to be, which was big with

Child, ſhould venture ſo far on Foot. But gueſſing that his Service to help her on her Journey, might be more acceptable, than to detain her longer in that Place with frivolous Queſtions; he put her in mind of the danger of ſitting there on the cold Ground, and adviſed her to be walking forwards, offering her his Hand to conduct her as far as *Enfield*. This Kindneſs ſhe would have refuſed, begging him to remember his Company gone the other way; But Mr. *Cooper* perſiſted to wait on her, leading her along the Road; and as thus they walk'd, could not but admire her diſcreet Anſwers to the ſeveral Queſtions he made her, and the graceful Paſſion with which ſhe expreſſed herſelf, which raiſed in him a greater deſire to underſtand more of her Condition.

When they came to an Inn in the Town, Mr. *Cooper* left her a while to repoſe herſelf, and after diſcourſing the Maſter of it, ordered a handſome Pillion to be fix'd on his own Horſe, which was a ſtout Gelding, and an eaſie Pacer; Then

Then ſtepping in to his diſtreſſed Lady; after they had taken a ſmall Bait, he acquainted her with the ſorry ſhift he had thought on, to convey her two or three Miles on her way, there being no better Convenience to be had for her in that place, which he entreated her to accept. Fain would the Gentlewoman have diſſuaded him from giving ſo great trouble to himſelf, alledging a thouſand Reaſons againſt it, and concluded with the danger of being ſo found by any of her Husband's Acquaintance, in a Stranger's Company: He aſſured her, that thô he was unknown to her, yet his Intentions were very Honourable, for all his end was but to do her this ſmall Service, which he hoped could bring no manner of blemiſh to her Reputation; and as for his own part, he had no apprehenſions of danger that could attend himſelf. And with ſuch like Arguments the Fair Lady was at laſt prevailed with, to be lifted up behind him; ſo on they Rode for *Waltham Croſs*.

This Gentleman, who was a Rich

Merchant, of admirable Parts, not long ſince returned out of *Italy*, and was ſomewhat under Thirty Years of Age; having this Opportunity of Talking to the Lady, ſtrove by a pleaſant Entertainment of Ingenious Diſcourſe, to divert her Melancholy; and ſhe alſo her ſelf, endeavoured with her utmoſt Skill to diſſemble it. But the many Sighs which at unawares eſcaped from her, did too plainly diſcover, it was no ſmall Trouble, that was contained within her Breaſt; which how induſtrious ſoever ſhe was to conceal, our Generous Merchant was no leſs impatient to draw an Account of it from her; but yet by all the moſt plauſible ways he could invent.

They quickly got to *Hodſdon*, and ſhe renewing her Entreaty to be ſet down there, he ſpurred on the faſter, proteſting he would not for the World be guilty of ſo much Barbarity, to leave a Lady in her Condition, till he had brought her to her Father's Houſe, whither ſhe had acquainted him ſhe was going. His great Civility in this reſpect,

reſpect, and all the reſt of his Carriage to her was ſo obliging, that after ſome further preſſing; ſhe was contented, *infandum renovare dolorem*, to diſcover to him, the whole Story of her Misfortunes, which ſhe related on this manner.

I do not doubt, kind Sir, but you will heartily repent the Charity you have beſtowed on me, when you ſhall find that your Generous Temper, and your preſſing Curioſity, has extorted from me a Secret that will render me the moſt odious, and moſt contemptible Creature of all my Sex. And thô, to me, it be of the moſt dangerous Conſequence imaginable, to give you this Account, yet ſince you have thus ſolemnly engaged never to divulge it, I ſhall believe you to be a Man of ſo much Honour, as faithfully to keep your Word with me.

Be pleaſed then to know, Sir, that I am an unfortunate Daughter of Doctor *N.* a Reverend Divine, and Miniſter of that Pariſh, to which I am now going, who having not many Children

Children, gave us, as we grew up and were capable of it, ſuch Education as his narrow Fortune of about Three Hundred Pounds a Year would allow, being careful to inſtil into us the beſt Rules of Vertue and Piety. I was ſent to a Boarding School, to be inſtructed in the *French* Tongue, and thoſe other Accompliſhments of Muſick, Dancing, and Fine Works, which Young Gentlewomen are Taught at ſuch places. Which Breeding as I was then told, was to ſerve me for a Portion; my Father being able to add little more to my Fortune, when I ſhould happen to Marry: or elſe, that it was to qualifie me for the Service of ſome Lady, in caſe any ſuch Opportunity were preſented to me.

It was into the latter of theſe Conditions, when I ventured into the World, that my ill Fortune guided me: For by the Recommendation of a Perſon of Quality related to my Mother, I was entertained by a Baron's Lady to be her Woman. The Good Lady Treated me, being Young, with much more

more Tenderneſs and Affection than I deſerved at her Hand, as by the ſequel of my Story you will find, cauſing me in thoſe Accompliſhments, which I had but rudely eſſayed to Learn at School, now to be improved, by the ſame Maſters who Taught her own Daughter. Which Goodneſs of hers, I requited with the baſeſt Ingratitude imaginable. For having the Misfortune to be by ſome eſteemed Handſom, or at leaſt appearing ſo in the Eyes of my Lord, whoſe Vicious Inclinations to Debauchery with Women, placed him much beneath the Character, commonly given of him in the World, which cryed him up for his great Wiſdom, Sobriety, and Goodneſs; By this reputed Saint, I ſay, was I often ſolicited to Lewdneſs, which I reſiſted, for ſeveral Months, with great Reſolution.

At her coming to this Paſſage of her Story, the Young Woman's Tears brake out afreſh, that ſhe was not able, for ſome time, to proceed in it, till maſtering that Tranſport of her Paſſion, and

and drying her Eyes, ſhe thus went on.

My Lord's baſe Luſt, ſeemed rather more inflamed, than any way abated, by my reſolute Denials. For ſeeing I was not to be won by fair means, he ſtrove by ſubtilty to obtain his Ends; watching many Opportunities to catch me alone, and in Places convenient for his Lewd Purpoſe; all which Stratagems I ſtill evaded by my nimble ſlipping from him, and running into Company, where I believed he durſt not purſue me. Thus I endeavoured to keep my Vertue unblemiſhed, till one unhappy Afternoon, when I knew my Lady was gone out to make her Viſits, and thinking he had alſo been abroad, becauſe I ſaw but few of his Servants within doors, who indeed, as I afterwards diſcovered, had been ſent out by him on purpoſe; I was coming into my Lord's Dreſſing Room, intending to entertain my ſelf with ſome of the Books which uſually lay there: But he, who was watching for ſuch an Opportunity, ſuddainly ruſhing out of his Study, caught hold on me, and

thô

thô I long reſiſted, crying, and ſtrugling, yet at laſt, he with Threats and Violence, mixt with fair Words and large Promiſes, of what generous Proviſion he would make for me, obtained his Will, leaving me for ever, with the baſe Brand of a Strumpet.

Here was the current of her Diſcourſe again interrupted, by another ſhower of Tears, accompanied with a ſtorm of ſighs and ſobs, which had ſuch Influence on our compaſſionate Merchant, that he was extreamly touched with a Senſe of her Condition. And that he might divert her Grief, he put her in mind of her Story, of which he was impatient to hear the Concluſion.

When afterwards, (continued ſhe, ſtriving to ſuppreſs her Sorrow,) I had well conſidered the black Deed that I had committed, and how ill I had ſtuck to thoſe Excellent Methods of Governing my ſelf, which had been given me by my good Father, I was almoſt diſtracted, and had it ſeveral times in my Mind, to have made away my ſelf, could I have contrived an effectual Means

Means of doing it, eſpecially too, when I found my Lord ſtill purſuing the courſe of his Luſts; but I was deterred from ſuch Thoughts, by reflecting, that to deſtroy my ſelf, had been ſtill to encreaſe my Crime, by my adding Self-Murther to it. And, my Lord, obſerving my conſtant Averſeneſs to all his Offers, and that I was not by any Trick he could uſe, to be brought to a ſecond Compliance with him, deſiſted from any further Attempt.

It was not long before my Affliction, was infinitely encreaſed, for I was ſenſible of that which I dreaded more than Death it ſelf, and finding my Shame begin to be viſible to the World, I could not think what would become of me. I acquainted my Lord with it, who to prevent the Scandal that was like to fall upon himſelf, got me pack'd out of doors, pretending to Marry me to a Citizen. And ſeeing I abſolutely refuſed to be kept for his Miſs, gave me Two Hundred broad Pieces of Gold, with which he hoped, I might either get me a Husband, or at leaſt be encouraged

encouraged not to lay violent Hands on my ſelf.

I took a private Lodging in the City to be brought to Bed in, but with ſo blind a Pretence, that they might eaſily (as I could perceive) gueſs at the Truth of the Matter: And out of doors I durſt ſcarcely ſtir by Day-light, for fear of being met by any of my Acquaintance. Here I ſtaid till ſuch time as my own ſtock of Mony, which I had been able to lay up, was beginning to ſink very low; and being continually tormented with the ſting of a guilty Conſcience, for the Wickedneſs I had committed; I was poſſeſſed with a ſtrong belief, that to puniſh it, God would ſuffer me to be Murthered in that obſcure Place, for the ſake of my Gold; ſome of which I had been obliged to boaſt of, for the gaining me a Credit amongſt thoſe People, to whom I was a Stranger, for which reaſon they had been unwilling at firſt to receive me in amongſt them.

And having now neither Friend nor Confident to truſt with the Secret of my Misfortune; I, thô my firſt Intentions

tentions had been to lay my great Belly in that Houſe, durſt not ſtick to that Reſolution, leſt dying in Travel, my Child might be deprived of the Two Hundred Pieces of Gold, which I had been careful to preſerve intire.

After I had revolved a Thouſand Extravagant Thoughts in my Mind, to contrive which way I ſhould diſpoſe of my ſelf, without hazarding my own Life and my Childs, or publiſhing my Ignominy; I, at laſt concluded to go into *Cambridg-ſhire*, to my Father and Mother; who, I hoped would not be ſo Uncharitable to let me periſh in that Condition, though they ſhould refuſe to entertain me in their Houſe, having brought upon them ſo great a Scandal. For I could think on no better Expedient, than to make a plain Confeſſion to them of my Misfortune, and afterwards ſubmit my ſelf to their Diſcretion, to diſpoſe of me as they ſhould think fit.

Now becauſe I foreſaw the Miſery into which I was plunging my ſelf, I contrived to manage my Affairs with the

the greateſt Frugality I could, and to that end ſending down my Trunks by the Carrier, I reſolved for the ſaving of Charges, to walk it after them on foot. So by break of day this Morning I ſet out, and was able to reach no further on my Journey, than the Place where you found me; and muſt have ſtaid at *Enfield* for ſome Convenience of Coach or Waggon to have carried me Home, had not your Charity been thus ill employed on ſuch an undeſerving Wretch, which indeed is more Favour than I can expect from my own Parents: For I am in dread, they will have ſo great Abhorrence of my Wickedneſs, that they will ſcarce admit me into their Doors, or own me for their Child, in this reproachful Condition.

Here ſhe made an end of her Melancholy Relation, but gave beginning to another flood of Tears, which very much excited Mr. *Cooper*'s Compaſſion towards her, and a deſire of aſſiſting her in this diſtreſs. He uſed the beſt Rhetorick he was Maſter of, for appeaſing her Grief, and for convincing

her that it was now too late to remedy what was paſt, by an exceſs of Sorrow; but that without doubt ſhe might better expiate her Crime, by her future Good and Vertuous Courſe of Life. He likewiſe adviſed her, that ſince the Circumſtances of the Thing were not yet known, ſhe ſhou'd ſtrive to keep them under diſguiſe, from the knowledge of any Perſon whatſoever: And begged her that being ſo near Home, ſhe would not ſeem to have been Crying, but appear to her Friends, with the moſt compoſed and cheerful Look, ſhe could poſſibly frame.

After this, and a little further Conſultation how to put ſome fair Varniſh on the Matter, they ended the Day and their Journey together, at her Father's Door. Here they alighted, and were joyfully received by the good Doctor and by her Mother, who wondred at their unlook'd-for Viſit, and blamed Mrs. *Katharine*, (which was her Name) for ſending them no Notice of her coming; but they were more ſurprized, ſeeing Mr. *Cooper* on his Knee,

Knee, and asking their Bleſſing. What's this, Daughter, demanded the Doctor, have you alſo brought with you a Huſband without our Knowledge of it before-hand? Ay, by my Truth! ſaid her Mother, and a Great Belly too, or I am much miſtaken. Mr. *Fiſher*, (for ſo Mr. *Cooper* had now thought fit to call himſelf) made a moſt Ingenious Apology and Excuſe, for carrying on his Courtſhip ſo ſecretly, without taking their Approbation, and for concealing their Marriage for ſo long a time, alledging ſuch plauſible Reaſons for that, and for the quitting her Lady's Service, as very well ſatisfied both Father and Mother; who beſides a kind Reception, often beſtowed on them their hearty Bleſſing.

The reſt of the Evening after Supper till Bed-time, was ſpent in much pleaſanter Diſcourſe, and more agreeable Converſation, than the day before it had been. But it growing late, and the Mother reminding them of their wearineſs after ſo long a Journey, haſtned away her Daughter to Bed,

whilſt Mr. *Fiſher* would needs ſtay below, till his Father ſhould have Smoaked out his Pipe.

The Doctor was proud to find his Son-in-Law ſo Ingenious and Well-bred a Man, gueſſing him from thence, to be of Excellent Skill in his Profeſſion, which he told him was a Surgeon: And he commended him for his Induſtrious Travelling into Foreign Countries, as he informed him he had done, for Improvement of his Skill in Chyrurgery. But it being high time to part, and for Mr. *Fiſher* to go up to his Chamber, he did ſo. And now was the critical Part to be acted, on which depended the Credit of the whole Entrigue: For Mr. *Cooper*, to clear the Young Gentlewoman of the Infamy that muſt have fallen upon her, was neceſſitated, as you have heard, to own her for his Wife, thô under the borrowed Name of *Fiſher*, and now he muſt Lye with her too, that is to ſay, in her Room, or elſe it might create a Suſpicion hereafter, that this had been but

but a Trick; and ſo this Generous Impoſture might be detected.

She would fain have thought on ſome other Expedient, and have waved this; but he judged it moſt requiſite, for keeping up the Reputation they had now gained; and proteſted a thouſand times not to offer her the leaſt Incivility; for that he would only roul himſelf in his Cloak, as many a time he had been forced to do in his Travels; would throw himſelf on the Chairs, and it being a warm Summers Night, he doubted not but to Sleep very ſoundly. The Lady told him, that He who out of the Generoſity of his Mind, could condeſcend to act ſo mean a Part as he had done that day, purely for the Charitable aſſiſting of an Unhappy Young Woman, in diſtreſs; could not poſſibly, ſhe was confident, be guilty of breaking his Word with her, or of any thing elſe that was diſhonourable; and that therefore ſhe ſhould only lye in pain to think, he muſt have ſo uneaſie a Nights Lodging for her ſake.

On this manner did Mr. *Cooper* lay him-

himſelf down, where the tireſomneſs of his days Journey, together with his ſitting up late, gave him no Opportunity either to find fault with the hardneſs of his Bed, or to ſeek about the Room for an eaſier: For falling faſt aſleep, he awak'd not till Five a Clock the next Morning, thô he thought it to be much later; and fearing to be ſurprized as he thus lay rough, he got up and walked out into the Fields, where he met his Father with a Book in his Hand. The Doctor admired to ſee him ſtirring ſo early, and after various Diſcourſes of News, and of the Parts abroad beyond the Seas which his Son *Fiſher* had ſeen, the Doctor began to reckon up the ſeveral ways, which he had contrived for their Divertiſement, and what Viſits they ſhould make during their ſtay in the Country, particularly to a Widow Lady of a conſiderable Eſtate, who was his Wives Siſter, and Godmother to his Daughter; alſo to ſome of their Relations in *Cambridge*, and other Places.

But Mr. *Fiſher* told him, he was extreamly

treamly ſorry to let him know, that his Affairs would not permit him to enjoy thoſe Favours deſigned him; for he was obliged to be back at *London*, by to Morrow Night. The Father at firſt ſuppoſed him in Jeſt; but finding him ſerious, was troubled to think he ſhould ſo ſoon part with his Son and Daughter; and hearing him after Dinner fall upon the ſame Subject again, both Father and Mother were perſuading him to put off his Journey, if poſſible, for ſome little time longer, and preſſed to know the Neceſſity of ſuch a haſty Return.

Sir, ſaid he, I laſt Night acquainted you with ſome Circumſtances of my preſent Condition, but not all, and muſt now add, that I had lately an advantageous Propoſal made me by an Eminent Courtier, and my Honoured Friend, of going to Sea, as chief Surgeon to one of his Majeſty's Frigats, called the *Dreadnaught*, ordered to Convoy a Fleet of Merchant Ships to the *Weſt-Indies*, where for ſome time ſhe is appointed to Cruiſe, for clear-

ng the Coaſts of our ſeveral Iſlands, and other Plantations there of the *Buccaniers*, with whom they are very much infeſted. So that beſides the benefit of a handſome Sallary, ſuch conſiderable Advantages may be made by an induſtrious Traffick with the People of thoſe Countries, as have encouraged me to accept the Offer; For ſhould I have refuſed it, not a few Candidates of the moſt Eminent of our Faculty, in the City, ſtood ready to have put in for the Employment. On this Occaſion, Sir, I have brought down my Wife, and doubt not of my Mothers and your Care of her in my abſence, and at my Return, I hope to be in a Condition of making a ſufficient Acknowledgment to you both, for the Favour you will do us.

At their hearing this, the Doctor and his Lady looked one upon another with great Concern, perceiving ſuch a Charge as their Daughters Lying in to be thus unexpectedly coming upon them; together with the Maintenance of her, and her Child; and no future Proviſions

Proviſion for them, more than the uncertain hopes of her Husband's Profitable Voyage, to ſatisfie for all. The Conſideration of which, did ſo much perplex them, they knew not what Anſwer to make him.

Mr. *Fiſher* (for ſo I muſt ſtill call him) noting their Silence, and expecting no leſs, at his ſtarting the thing to them, took occaſion to tell them, that he gueſſed at the Reaſon of their ſurprize; which was, that they imagined, he would leave his Wife and Child deſtitute of a Subſiſtence, and throw the burthen wholly on them, which he ſaid was the leaſt of his Intentions. Then pulling out of his Pocket, a Purſe with the Two Hundred Broad Pieces in it, he threw it into his Father's Lap, adding, that though as yet, he had entred into no Treaty concerning her Portion, which he ſhould at preſent wave; he would not go from thence without a Husband's Care of her; and acquainted them with the Summ contained in it, which they found to be ſo.

The

The glorious Brightneſs of the Gold ſoon diſpell'd all Clouds of Doubt and Suſpicion out of the Faces and Minds of the good Doctor, and of his Wife, and looſed the Organs of their Speech, making him now able to tell his Son, that ſince the neceſſity of his Affairs would not permit them to be ſo happy to keep him at preſent amongſt them, they muſt be contented, to be deprived of him, till his Good Fortune ſhould bring him ſafe back, which they hoped would not be very long. And they expreſſed great Fear of the many Dangers, which they were ſenſible he muſt be expoſed to, in the performance of ſuch a Voyage. But the Doctor aſſured him of his daily Prayers for his Preſervation, his Health, and good Succeſs in his Affairs; and further, made him not only a Solemn Promiſe of his utmoſt Care for his Wife and Child, but of Muſtering up what Summ he poſſibly could for her Portion, againſt his Son's Return from Sea.

The next Morning, after many kind Endearments expreſſed on all ſides,

Mr.

Mr. *Fiſher* bad farewell to all his Friends, and ſpurred away for *London*, becauſe his Ship on which he was to go aboard, was ready to ſet Sail with the firſt fair Wind, as he ſaid; but he left his pretended Wife in great Affliction, at her parting with ſo Generous a Friend; and her Father and Mother were in little leſs Trouble, to think of the long and dangerous Voyage he had undertaken.

It was but a few Weeks after her Husband's departure, that Mrs. *Fiſher* was brought to Bed of a Fine Boy, to the great Rejoycing of all her Relations; and now nothing was ſo much wiſhed for, as to hear good News of the Child's abſent Father, who promiſed to write by the firſt Opportunity he ſhould meet with. But inſtead of what they ſo earneſtly expected, there came a Letter about three Months after, from Mr. *Fiſher*, giving an Account of his dangerous Sickneſs, which Letter was incloſed in another, from the Surgeon's Mate of the Man of War, bringing the ſorrowful Tidings of Mr. *Fiſher*'s Death, who

who fell Sick on Shipboard of a violent Fever and a Flux, which in few days had carried him into another World, but not that which he was Travelling to have ſeen.

Our Young Widow's Grief for the pretended Death of her Husband, was ſo admirably well counterfeited, that none could doubt the Truth of it; nor was it poſſible for any one to imagine, that this Contrivance had been laid before-hand, to be after this manner carried on, as it was. Her Father alſo and Mother, who had an extraordinary Fondneſs for both Son and Daughter, were real ſhearers of her feigned Sorrow, althô their Son's ſtay with them had been ſo ſhort, and their knowledge of him ſo little. And that which added ſomething to their Trouble, was to conſider the impoſſibility of recovering any part of his Effects left on Shipboard: But they comforted their Daughter the beſt they could, entreating her, that for her little Son's ſake, the would not lay this Affliction too much to Heart, leſt her

Parents

Parents ſhould have Cauſe to lament two Deaths inſtead of one; and they made her large Promiſes of their future Kindneſs to her, in her Fortunes.

She formally put her ſelf into deep Mourning; and moſt of her Relations and Friends, came to condole with her upon the Death of her Husband; amongſt whom was the Rich Aunt, her Godmother, who had great Compaſſion on her Niece, by reaſon of this early Misfortune, being as yet but in the Nineteenth Year of her Age. 'Twas this Conſideration, that induced the Charitable Lady, to take home to her Houſe our Melancholy Widow, for ſome ſmall time, till the violence of her Grief ſhould be a little abated, which did not endure very long. And there her pleaſant and diſcreet Converſation, was ſo charming to her Old Aunt, that ſhe could not think of parting with her, but kept her for her Companion, above Two Years.

At this time, ſome extraordinary Occaſions drew this Good Lady from her Country Retirement, where ſhe intended

intended to have ended her days, and had continued during her Widowhood, which was about Four or Five Years, and brought her to *London* again. Amongſt her Friends in the City, ſhe took Handſome Lodgings, for her Self and her Fair Niece; who for her Beauty and rare Perfections was admired by all that ſaw her. And thô ſhe appeared not often abroad, except at the Church, which ſhe under her Aunt's Wing diligently frequented, yet had ſhe ſoon acquired the Title of the Charming Widow; for that Dreſs which ſhe ſtill wore, did moſt admirably become her.

One Evening, her Aunt and She being Invited out by ſome Ladies of their Acquaintance, to an Eminent Ball, ſhe there drew on her the Eyes of the young brisk Citizens, who were extreamly taken with her delicate Shape and Mien, as well as with the ſweet Air of her Modeſt Countenance. And ſome of them would gladly have been making Courtſhip to her, had they

they not been awed by the ſevere Regard of her Prudent Aunt.

Amongſt the Croud of her Admirers, was a Merchant of conſiderable Note, who from the firſt Moment of his coming into that Room, had fixt his Eyes on her, and from ſo fair an Object, was not able to remove them, but continued in his Corner, as if Tranſformed into a Statue. Yet was it not Love only, that had reduced him to this ſtrange Condition, but withal a kind of Amazement, and Trouble, which he had within himſelf, by reaſon of a ſtrong Imagination, he was poſſeſſed with, of having ſeen that Incomparable Perſon ſomewhere before, and an Endeavour to recollect to his Memory where it was; but to no purpoſe, for all his Conjectures ſerved but to puzzle him ſtill the more.

In this perplexity he remained till towards the concluſion of the Ball; when his Impatience would not ſuffer him longer to reſt, without endeavouring to be ſatisfied, who ſhe was: But as he ſtood up, and was about to inform

inform himſelf by ſome of the Compa-ny of her Name; the Lady caſting her Eyes that way, happened to eſpy him. The firſt glimps ſhe had of his Face, and the Curioſity which detained her Looks upon it, ſtruck her into ſo great an aſtoniſhment, as is not to be expreſſed, and ſeem'd to have fetch'd all the Blood of her Body into her Cheeks. For thô ſhe, at the very inſtant that ſhe beheld him, knew him to be her Generous Friend Mr. *Cooper*, yet the Report of his Death, for which, ſhe had as much lamented as if really true, under the Title of her Husband, and the pretended Name of Mr. *Fiſher*, having been ſo generally ſpread abroad, and their Project been ſo formally carri-ed on in all points, for almoſt the ſpace of three Years. without her hearing any News of him, in all that time, it had ſo confounded her Reaſon, that for a while, ſhe could hardly perſwade herſelf, but that ſhe ſaw his Ghoſt. And ſo great an Influence had this Fancy over her, that it quickly made the bluſhing Co-lour retire from her Cheeks, leaving

ſo

ſo chil a paleneſs in its ſtead, that ſhe immediately fainted, and dropt from her Chair on the Floor.

This ſudden Accident put a ſtop to the Harmony of Muſick and Dancing for the preſent, and gave ſome diſturbance to moſt of the Company that had taken notice of her, as being concerned for her Illneſs, and particularly to her Aunt, who after ſhe had a little recover'd her from that Fit, had her carried down to her Coach.

Thô Mr.*Cooper* could not in all this timē call her to his Remembrance, yet was he as much troubled for her as if he had known her, and was very officious to help her down the ſtairs: Nor was he at eaſe, 'till he had heard her tell her Aunt, that this was only a fainting Fit, occaſion'd by the cloſeneſs of the Room, and her want of Air in the midſt of ſo great a Crowd. By that time ſhe got home, ſhe was perfectly recover'd of her Indiſpoſition, and walked from the Coach into her Lodgings; whither her Gallant had been careful to follow her undiſcover'd; And there making

Enquiry concerning her, he learn'd of one of the Servants, that ſhe was a *Cambridge-ſhire* Gentlewoman, Neece to the Lady *D.* who had lately brought her to Town, and her Name Mrs. *Fiſher.*

He then immediately knew her to be his once pretended Wife, and afterwards his Widow; which increaſed his ſurprize, and raiſed in him more than an ordinary Curioſity, to find out ſome means of ſpeaking to her. But becauſe he was fearful leſt his being remembred by any of their Family, might be of prejudice to her Reputation (for he knew not as yet, how things ſtood with her) he was contriving ſome ſafe way to be firſt informed from her own mouth how he muſt behave himſelf in caſe ſhe thought fit to allow him the liberty of Viſiting her, for the renewing their Acquaintance, ſo as to be out of danger of committing any Miſtake in that reſpect. He knew 'twas in vain to think of effecting his purpoſe at that unſeaſonable time; and yet the earneſt Longing he had to ſee her, would not ſuffer him to afford his Eyes the leaſt

leaſt wink of Sleep all the following Night: For now ſhe ſeemed infinitly more Beautiful and more Charming than at firſt, when he found her ſitting tired on the Road ſide near *Enfield*, weeping, and great with Child.

His thus reflecting on things paſt, made him begin to Cenſure her for that ignominious Act, which to him ſhe had owned her ſelf guilty of, and muſt have rendred her Contemptible to all the World, had not her Reputation been ſalved up by his Induſtry, and Favour to her. And yet whilſt he was thus blaming her, he could not forbear admiring her, as the moſt lovely Creature he had ever in all his Life time beheld: Which Admiration of her Perſon begat in him, at the ſame time, a more favourable Opinion of her Miſcarriage; for he conſidered that Errour to have been committed when ſhe was but very young; that her Innocence had been betray'd by the ſubtilty and Violence of a luſtful Man, who in ſtrictneſs of Juſtice more deſerved to have been Arraigned for a Raviſher, than

ſhe to have born the Infamy of the thing. And he was willing to believe, that the deep ſenſe ſhe had expreſſed of that ſin, and her Deteſtation of the Fact, had made ſo full an Attonement for it, that in caſe ſhe had lived with that Modeſty and Reſervedneſs which he hoped ſhe had, he could not think but ſhe muſt now be reckoned a moſt Vertuous Woman.

The next Morning he got up betimes, and as he was beating his Brains for a Contrivance how he might come to talk with her, he remembred that his Milleners Shop was very near the Ladies Lodgings; to which he went, and by the Induſtry of the Millener's Wife, found means to have a Billet conveyed thither, and delivered into Mrs. *Fiſher's* Hand.

The Charming Widdow, who had not only a great ſenſe of Her Obligations to Mr. *Cooper*, but had likewiſe a grateful deſire of acknowledging them to himſelf, was as much pleaſed at the Propoſal of this Meeting, as he could poſſibly be that made it. But becauſe her

her Aunt had taken ſo great a liking to her for her pleaſant Company, and her prudent Behaviour on all occaſions, that ſhe began to call her Daughter, and had often declared, that if the young Woman made choice of a ſecond Husband with her Friends Approbation, ſhe would add conſiderably to her Fortune; Therefore was Mrs. *Fiſher* cautious of giving her any Offence, or raiſing a ſuſpition in her, that ſhe entertained a Correſpondence with any Perſon, of whom ſhe gave her not a fair Account beforehand. So ſhe was glad to make a Pretence of going out to buy Gloves, Ribbons, or ſome ſuch knacks at the Milleners, by which ſhe got an opportunity to ſee her Friend, who ſtaid waiting for her alone in the Parlour.

Altho' this Aſſignation had been thus fairly made by Conſent of both Parties, yet was their Meeting the moſt ſurprizing imaginable, for neither one nor the other had at firſt any power to ſpeak; He for the Joy he had to ſee her, tho' he could hardly perſwade himſelf that ſhe was the ſame Perſon, being ſo much

much alter'd to her greater Advantage; and She for the ſhame ſhe had to think of the diſgraceful Condition wherein he firſt found her, and from which he had ſo ſucceſsfully relieved her. And this Thought made ſuch an Impreſſion in her Mind, as had like to have coſt her a ſecond fainting Fit. But ſhe ſtriving to recollect her Spirits, was beginning to make an Apology for her Ingratitude, in neglecting to return her due thanks for all his Favours; calling him the moſt generous of Men, and her good Angel. But Mr. *Cooper* quickly interrupted her, to tell her how much he was rejoiced to ſee her again, whom he had not, by her own poſitive Commands, the liberty to Write to, much leſs to have endeavoured to viſit, leſt any Diſcovery ſhould have been made of their Entrigue, to her Prejudice.

When their firſt Traſports of Joy were over, with ſome Enquiries made of each others Condition, ſince the time of his leaving her in *Cambridgeſhire*; he was glad to find her Credit had been ſo well ſupported by his Induſtry, and

and to hear ſhe had remained unmarried ever ſince the Report of her ſuppoſed Husband's pretended Death. He alſo let her know, that he ſtill continued a Batchelour; but did not acquaint her, that he, not long before had received an unkind Balk from a fine young Woman, whom he had Courted above two Years; and that when they were juſt at the point of Conſummating their Happineſs together by Marriage; ſhe had moſt unfaithfully diſcarded him, for the ſake of being a Lady; and the hopes of bearing Rule over her Husband; for ſhe expected to be linked in Matrimony with a Rich, but very fooliſh Knight, who it ſeems recanting his Bargain, threw her off at the very Church Door, and ſerved her (if poſſibly it could be) a more diſgraceful Trick, than ſhe had done her Merchant.

It had been a hard matter for Mr. *Cooper* to maſter the violent Anger he had conceved againſt all Womankind, ſo as ever to have a favourable Opinion of them, after ſuch ill treat-

ment from that Miſtreſs; had it not been purely out of ſpight and Revenge to her, who was now ſtriving again with all the Arts and ſubtil Deluſions ſhe could poſſibly invent, to retrieve the loſt Affections of her ſlighted Lover. It was, I ſay, the reſentment of this groſs Affront, had carried him on purpoſe to that Ball, to try if there he could eſpy out amongſt thoſe Ladies, a more worthy Object for his Love; and by admitting a New Flame into his Breaſt, extinguiſh the old.

Our adm[illegible] Widow chanced to be the happy ſhe on whom he fixed his Eyes and Affections. 'Twas her Charming Face and modeſt Look, that repreſented to him a thouſand more Beauties and taking Graces, than he remembred ever to have ſeen in his Unconſtant and Faithleſs Miſtreſs: And ſo great a Conqueſt had this made of his Heart, almoſt before he could call her to his Remembrance, that now it was not in his Power, if he would have endeavoured it, to ſhake off her Yoak, and to regain his Liberty.

He

He had had, 'tis true, ſome Conflict in his Breaſt, that very Morning, when he was remembring, how Reproachful a thing it would be for him, who was a Gentleman of a good Family, and a Merchant; ſhould he Marry one, who had acknowledged her ſelf a Strumpet, and whoſe Beauty and Education, was all the Portion ſhe was like to have: But on the other hand, he conſidered, that her Diſhonour was ſcarcely known, but to himſelf; that her lovely Perſon and ſingular Qualifications, if ſhe had kept up to thoſe Vertuous Reſolutions, which ſhe had ſolemnly made, were a ſufficient Dower for ſuch a one as himſelf, who by his Induſtry had already acquired an Eſtate ſufficient to make him live very happily in the World.

On this manner was he able, or at leaſt willing, to ſolve all the Arguments that his more ſerious Fancy, or his Doubts could any way raiſe againſt her; that now there only remained this difficulty, which was, how to obtain her for his own; and how to be ſatisfied in the firſt place of the Fears and Aprehen-

prehenſions he had, leſt ſhe ſhould be pre-engaged to ſome other Perſon, and ſo all his Hopes of winning her, by any Intereſt or Merit, which he could pretend to for his former Services, be fruſtrated: Such Thoughts as theſe did ſo far embolden our Lover, that after ſome little further Scrutiny, into the Widows Affairs, of which he received an Account to his full Liking; he could no longer forbear declaring his Love to her, which he did with ſo much fervency and Paſſion, that the Lady could not doubt but that it was real.

She had already ſufficient Experience of his Ingenuity and his Uparallell'd Generoſity, to create in her a high Eſteem of him for his admirable Temper of Mind; and as for his Perſon, he might well be reckoned in the Eyes of an Impartial Judge, a very deſirable Man for a Husband: For his ſtature being Middle ſized, his ſhape well proportioned, in moſt exact Symetry, and the airy Briskneſs of his Face and Mien, rendred him amongſt the City Ladies, as Eminent in his Sex, as ſhe for her Beauty

ty and rare Accompliſhments, was in hers. And beſides all this, his Genius enclining him to the ſtudy of Painting and Muſick; he, during his Factorſhip in *Italy*, while others of his Companions ſpent their vacant Hours from Buſineſs in Drinking and Debauchery, took the opportunity to Employ his in the Practice of theſe two Ingenious Arts; wherein, with the aſſiſtance of the greateſt Maſters that the City of *Florence* afforded of both, he became no mean Proficient on the Lute, and a moſt exquiſite Artiſt at Painting in Mignature.

Althô nothing could have been more acceptable to the fair Widow than this Addreſs of Mr. *Cooper*'s, for he was the only Perſon, that for a Husband ſhe could have wiſh'd for; yet ſhe received his Courtſhip with a Coldneſs, and ſeeming diſtruſt of all he ſaid; and told him, that he had made choice of an improper Subject to divert himſelf with; for when ſhe look'd back on her paſt Miſcarriage, which had rendred her deſpiſable even to the meaneſt of Men,

if

if her Infamy had been publickly known, ſhe was too ſenſible that ſhe muſt be far beneath his loweſt Jeſts and Scorn: But as ſhe had an abhorrence of that Fact, which had coſt her ſo much Grief, and indeed ought rather to be charged on another than her ſelf, and as ſhe had alſo endeavoured to expiate her Crime by her ſober and vertuous Deportment ever ſince, ſo ſhe would always retain a Reſolution to live without Scandal, all the remainder of her Life. And that ſince her Credit had been ſupported by his means, ſhe could never take it unkindly at his Hands, if he to ſhew the Gayety of his Wit and Fancy ſhould think fit, in Meriment, to make her the pretended Object of his Love. He would not ſuffer her to go on, but affirming that the Crime ſhe mention'd was her Lords, who well merited the Puniſhment, thô the Misfortune had fallen on her; and waving that Subject, ſtrove with all his Rhetorick to perſwade her, that his Courtſhip intended nothing leſs than what he ſuggeſted. Since all his future Endea-

Endeavours, ſhould be to render himſelf worthy the Honour he aimed at, which was to be accepted for her Husband.

In ſuch Diſcourſes as theſe, the time ſlipped away inſenſibly, and her long ſtay being taken notice of by her Aunt, a Meſſenger was ſent to call her home, which brake off their Entertainment for that bout: But not 'till a convenient time and proper place was agreed on, for the keeping up this Correſpondence ſo fairly revived betwixt them.

In ſhort, after ſome few Meetings, and Conferences had by our two Lovers at their appointed Rendevous, there was ſo good an underſtanding on both ſides, of the matter in Debate, that nothing was now wanting to conclude their happy Union together in the Holy ſtate of Matrimony, but the Conſent of her Father, and of her Aunt the Lady *D.* This proved no great Obſtacle; for the Doctor no ſooner heard the high Character of Mr. *Cooper* his Daughter's Admirer, and had received a credible Account of his ample Eſtate

and

and Fortune, as alſo of the frank Offer he propoſed of making his Miſtreſs a conſiderable Jointure, without inſiſting on any Portion, but he readily gave his free Conſent to the Match. And after the Aunt was made acquainted with the thing, ſhe having invited Mr. *Cooper* three or four times to her Lodgings, noted his Excellent Parts, and been extreamly delighted with his pleaſant Converſation, was ſo well ſatified both with the Man, and his generous offer, that ſhe declared ſhe would alſo ſhow what value ſhe had for her God-Daughter; and to promote the Match between two ſuch deſerving Perſons, was reſolved to give her on their Wedding-Day Two Thouſand Pounds for a Portion, and to ſettle the greateſt part of her remaining Eſtate, which was conſiderable, ſo as to fall to them after her own Death.

'Tis not to be imagined but that Mr. *Cooper*, notwithſtanding the Propoſal which he ſo briskly made to his Miſtreſſes Father and Aunt, had ſome Expectation of a Portion to be raiſed for her

her amongſt them; but it was infinitely ſhort of this; which made him preſs to have the Wedding ſolemnized with all poſſible ſpeed, leſt the Aunt's Bounty might any way be diverted or grow cold. And to ſet all Wheels the nimbler a going, in order to a quick diſpatch, it was requiſite to Oil the Lawyers in the Fiſt, who were to draw up the Writings, in which he was not at all tardy; and ſo ſoon as thoſe Formalities of Signing and Sealing were finiſhed, and the fine Cloaths ready againſt the appointed Day, they ſaw the good Old Doctor appear amongſt them, who had made a Journey to *London*, on purpoſe to ſee the Gentleman, ſo much cryed up for his rare Parts, who was on the Morrow to be his Son-in-Law, and to give them his Bleſſing. The Doctor often proteſted that he was very much rejoyced to find in him ſo great a reſemblance of that worthy Man Mr. *Fiſher* his Daughter's firſt Husband, whoſe Perſon and Qualifications he highly extolled: But neither the Doctor, his Lady, nor the kind

kind Aunt had ever any knowledge of the generous Impoſtor put on them by Mr. *Cooper*.

Well, the wiſhed for Morning being come, the Solemnities of the Church were to be attended, which joined our happy Lovers Hands, as their Hearts had been before, and no ſooner had the Parſon done his part, but the good Old Lady performed hers, in delivering them a Note for two Thouſand Pounds to be paid at ſight, which was immediately accepted by her Goldſwith, who was there a Gueſt: And the Doctor ordered the ſame Perſon to make a handſom ſet of Dreſſing-plate to the value of two Hundred Pounds, to be preſented to the Bride. And he made his Excuſe to his Son and Daughter, for the ſmallnéſs of his Preſent, but he let them know, that he would take care for the good Education of his little Son *Fiſher*, and had already alſo improved for him, the two Hundred Broad Pieces, left by his Deceaſed Father.

Don Feliz had a great Applauſe from his

his Miſtreſs for relating ſo pleaſant a Novel, who Confeſſed ſhe was extremely delighted with it, and did not much diſprove the Intrigue; but deſired him ſeriouſly to tell her, whether the Tale or chief ſubſtance of it, were true or no; for ſhe doubted not, ſhe ſaid, but it received much of its Beauty from him. He was pleaſed to hear her commend it, and aſſured her that the Story had ſo much of Truth contained in it, that he could ſcarce allow it to be called a Novel, ſince the two chief Perſons therein mentioned, were then in Being, and lived happily at that very time; having had ſeveral fine Children together; and he affirmed that he had often heard Mr. *Cooper* play with great Maſtery on the Lute; had ſeen divers of his Excellent Limnings; and that he had this Story from a great Confident of Mr. *Cooper*'s, under theſe borrow'd Names. But *Don Feliz* acknowledged, that he had ſtrove to ſet it off with the beſt Ornament he was able, and yet it very much needed her Excuſe for his imperfect telling it.

With all the pleaſanteſt Chat they could invent, and ſuch like Tales, our two Lovers *Don Feliz* and his Miſtreſs, paſſed away their ſpare Hours: And once ſhe was very preſſing to know whether his Intentions, at his return home into *England*, were to Marry, or to live at Rovers, as ſhe found by him he had hitherto done: For ſhe fancyed, that after he had had ſo many Miſtreſſes, he could hardly be at laſt confin'd within ſuch narrow Limits, by a Marriage Knot, as would tye him for ever to a Wife. To which he reply'd, that not having yet conſidered the Point, he could give her no direct Anſwer. This he ſaid, not knowing whether ſhe were Marryed or no; for he never yet durſt ask her the Queſtion, fearing to incur her Diſpleaſure for his being inquiſitive after that, which he thought ſhe had no mind to diſcover. But ſhe noting his Heſitation, was the more preſſing to be ſatisfied in her Demand.

Madam, ſaid he, ſeeing himſelf obliged to anſwer, I am ſeldom Maſter of my own Reſolutions for any long time, and

and my return into *England* being ſo uncertain, I doubt I ſhall have great difficulty to keep 'till then in the ſame Mind I now am in; for I had formerly intended to have wedded my ſelf only to my Books and Viols, but upon a more ſerious Debate with my ſelf, I am convinc'd, that Marriage, as I have often been told, is a moſt honourable Eſtate, and the moſt proper means to reduce a Man to Sobriety, who has been Extravagant; and to make him live happily, without interruption to his Studies, and his Innocent Recreations. Therefore have I reſolved when I ſhall get home, to ſtrive in the firſt place to reform my Manners, become very ſober, and then chooſe me a Wife with whom I may partake of all that Felicity which other Married Perſons enjoy. I am glad, *Don Feliz*, reply'd his Miſtreſs, to hear you have ſuch an honourable Opinion of Matrimony; but I much doubt whether all thoſe who have Experienced that ſtate, will be ready to give the ſame Character of it which you do: And I

would gladly know whence all this Current of Felicity is expected; is it from the good Conduct of the Lady, who ſhall be ſo happy to be your Wife? or rather from your own prudent Management? for I have very frequently heard you expreſs your ſlight of our Sex, and am therefore afraid we ſhall loſe the glory of it.

The Life of Man, *ſaid Don Feliz*, may not unfitly be compared to Muſick; the delicate Harmony whereof is made by the Compoſition of ſeveral Sounds. For that mixture of grave Tones, with others more accute and ſmall, makes the Muſick perfect, and ſo delightful as it is to our Ears. And this admir'd frame of Man's Body, when enflamed with a Fever, or ſhivering with Cold, ſhows that we are ſick and out of order; but when thoſe two Qualities are aptly united, the Body is well and at Eaſe, to our unſpeakable pleaſure. The ſame thing may be obſerved of a well-govern'd Common-Wealth, which conſiſts of different Orders of People: There the Nobility and Gentry

try in Agreement with the *Plebæans*, make up the true Harmony which renders them all happy. And ſo Nature, the Mother of all things, framed Man to Wiſdom, and to undertake weighty and ſerious Matters, which is plainly demonſtrated by the grave deep Voice we Men ſpeak with; whereas, on the contrary, Woman appears the true Portraiture of Humane Frailty and Folly; only deſigned to be employed in the moſt Childiſh and triſling of our Affairs in this World; and that ſmall Voice of theirs which they always retain, hardly diſtinguiſhable from Childrens, gives us ſufficient Evidence, that they ſtill partake of Childrens Defects. But when one and the other happen to make a proper mixture, wherein Man's Wiſdom governs their Folly, and that Childiſh Folly of theirs qualifies the Wiſdom of Man; from thence proceeds that pleaſant Life; from thence, I ſay, flows all that Current of Happineſs. Which high pitch of Bliſs cannot be fully attained, nor this Cœleſtial Harmony

be ever truly made, if Man and Woman be not ſolemnly joined together in Matrimony.

Doña Fauſtina, laughing, told him, ſhe ſaw he was very well pleaſed with the Subject, becauſe he took ſuch pains to diſplay his Rhetorick on it: and yet at the ſame time could not forbear his uſual Reflections on Women. But proceeded ſhe, for all your quaint Notions of Matrimony, unleſs the Air of *England* breath a much kinder influence on Married Perſons, than this of *Spain*, 'tis ten to one but you will find ſome conſiderable difference between your Speculation and the real Practice of it; that your Cœleſtial Harmony is often interrupted by ſome ſuch Terreſtrial Diſcord as ſhall make both your Hearts ake. They ran briskly on, and were ſo zealous to maintain their Arguments; he for Marriage, and ſhe in diſpraiſe of it, that they would have continued the Diſpute 'till Break of Day, had not *Fadrique* ſcratched at the Door and put them in mind of parting.

All the way *Don Feliz.* went home, he

he could not forbear thinking of the Diſcovery he had made, by this Diſcourſe with her; for he concluded from thence, that ſhe muſt either be a Widdow, or a Married Woman, and that her Husband was not, or had not been to her liking, which made her ſo much inveigh againſt Matrimony; and that this diſlike had put her at firſt upon making him thoſe Invitations to her Houſe; and he was pleaſed with his own Wit, that had ſo induſtriouſly drawn this Secret from her. Another Night amongſt the various Subjects of their Diſcourſe, they happen'd on that of Religion; and ſhe would then expreſs a great concern for thoſe of his Country, *Ay que laſtima*, would ſhe often ſay. Ah what a pity it is, that a People ſo richly endued with all the Gifts of Nature, ſhould be ſo wilfully blind to be hurried away in a courſe of Hereſie and Atheiſm, refuſing to be made ſenſible of their Danger of Eternal Damnation, and to be brought back into the Pale of the true Church, which ſhe believed was that of *Rome*. And ſhe

was full of thoſe Sayings which the Prieſts teach them, to create in them an Abhorrence of the *Herejes Ingleſes*, the Engliſh Hereticks, as they term us: She would alſo tell him, that *Ingalatierra era tierra de Angeles. poro agora es tierra de Demonios*, which is, that *England* was once a Land of *Angels*, (alluding, as I conceive, to the many *Saxon* Saints formerly Canonized here) but that 'tis now become a Country of Devils, meaning ſince the Reformation. But ſhe took a particular pleaſure in relating the ſtrange Miracles wrought by our Saints of old, which ſhe had read of in the *Flos Sanctorum*; to all which ſhe gave as much Credit, as to thoſe recorded in Holy Writ; and was often very angry with *Don Feliz* for endeavouring to rectifie her Judgment in thoſe matters, and for attempting to ſhow her the Abſurdity of their fabulous Legends.

Then would ſhe Celebrate the Praiſe of the *Iriſh* Nation, who, ſhe ſaid, had ever kept cloſe to the Ancient Catholic Faith; ſhe commended their diligent frequenting the Churches, and the Expreſ-

Expreſſions of their Zeal and Devotion there; and ſhe would heartily wiſh that the Eyes of the *Engliſh* were open to ſee their Errour, and follow the Example of that Excellent People. Yet after all, ſhe ſaid, ſhe could not but acknowledge, ſhe had obſerved ſome of the *Iriſh* in *Spain*, not to be ſo acute of Wit and quick of Apprehenſion, as the *Spaniards*, nor other Countrymen reſiding amongſt them, but were rather inclined to a ſtrange Blundering and Stupidity, not common to other People; which made her curious to know if this proceeded from a general Defect, naturally incident to all born under their Clime, or elſe happen'd to ſuch only as came over thither. *Don Feliz* aſſured her, that *Ireland* daily produced very accompliſhed Gentlemen, brave Souldiers, and Men excellent in all Faculties: But that it was there, as in all other parts of the World, that many for want of good Education, proved very Dull and Ignorant; and that he had obſerved no other diſtinction betwixt them and other Nations.

Their

Their dwelling a little longer on this Subject, brought to *Don Feliz*'s Memory a Story, which falling pat to the purpoſe, and he knowing the Pleaſure his Miſtreſs took in hearing ſuch, gave her a hint of it, which made the Lady preſs him to tell it. He obeyed, and began on this manner.

The Unfortunate Collonel.

AT the beginning of thoſe diſmal Turmoils in *Ireland*, which brake out about the beginning of *September* in the Year 1641 or 42, if I remember aright, when the *Iriſh* endeavoured to extirpate the *Engliſh* utterly out of that Kingdom; there was a Gentleman of an Ancient Family, and of an Eſtate of near 700 *l. per An.* engaged therein, whoſe name was *OCa*——He proved very active in that cruel Treatment of the *Engliſh*, expreſſing on all Occaſions, his implacable Hatred to them; and being a Man of great Perſonal Valour, tho' his Conduct was never much

much admired, he was after ſome time, honoured with the Command of a Regiment. 'Tis not to my purpoſe, nor is it fit I ſhould trouble you, Madam, with the particulars of that War; it will be ſufficient to ſay, that the *Iriſh* being at laſt worſted in it, all the Eſtates of ſuch Gentlemen as had been inſtrumental in kindling the Coals, or induſtrious in fomenting the Flame of that Fatal Combuſtion, were ſeized, and made forfeit to the *Engliſh*. And amongſt the reſt was that of Collonel *OC*— which forced him from that time to Aſſociate himſelf with the *Tories*, ſince called *Raparees*, and to change his fine Seat for a Hut in ſome Wood, or amongſt the Boggs; for thoſe are the common Retreats of ſuch Out-Laws, who ſubſiſt only by Spoil and Rapine. This was his manner of living 'till the Reſtoration of King *Charles* the Second; during all which time, his Company having been only ſuch as were then termed Wild-*Iriſh*, Men altogether illitterate and rude; by their Converſation, our Collonel could acquire nothing

nothing of Ingenious Improvement, for the bettering his Manners or Underſtanding, but rather by his ſuiting himſelf to all their ill Cuſtoms, and Behaviour, he had degenerated into the loweſt Degree of Clowniſh Barbarity.

After that good King was quietly ſettled on his Throne in *England*, to the univerſal Joy of his Subjects, and and had alſo taken due care for eſtabliſhing the Peace and Tranquility of his three Kingdoms; his Majeſty had been pleaſed to beſtow a conſiderable Poſt under his Deputy in *Ireland*, to a near Relation of our Collonels. Which News reaching his Ear; and being likewiſe made acquainted, that a Court of Claims was Erected there, wherein ſuch as could purge themſelves of the Imputation of thoſe Cruelties practiſed on the *Engliſh* Proteſtants, in the horrid Maſſacre of them, and could make their Innocence appear, that they had not bathed their Hands in *Engliſh* Blood, ſhould have their Eſtates reſtored. He never conſidering the palpable Guilt he lay under, reſolved

ſolved on a Journey to Court, hoping by favour of his Kinſman to be repoſſeſſed of his forfeited Eſtate. So mounting his Courſer which was another *Roſinante*, to *Dublin* he poſts, there alighting at the firſt Inn he came to, and being confirmed in the Account of his Kinſman's greatneſs, he prepared that very Morning of his Arrival to wait on him. In order to this viſit, he thought it neceſſary to ſpruce up himſelf as well as he could, his Garb being then none of the moſt Modiſh; for he was equipped in his ordinary Plad, which had ſerved him in his Function of Robbing, a narrow-brim'd Hatt with a High Steeple-Crown, a pair of Pumps, with a long jingling Spur on his Right Heel, to ſhow he was juſt come off a Journey, and being a tall luſty Man, had a huge Basket-Hilted Sword fix'd in a broad Girdle to his ſide, ſomewhat after the *Spaniſh* Mode. He then goes to a Barber's for a touch of his polliſhing Hand, ordering him to come and powder his Hair, and to prune his Head, which he

he affected to wear extraordinarily long.

Whilſt the Barber was at his Buſineſs, our Collonel acquainted him with the viſit he was about to make, and asked him many Queſtions concerning his Couſin; which Partly gave the Barber Encouragement to find fault with the ſhaggedneſs of his Short Hair, and unfaſhionableneſs of his long Beard, for a Man of his Age, who owned himſelf ſcarce turned of Fifty; aſſuring him that at Court, to which the Collonel was going, it was the general cuſtom to have their Beards ſhaved off Clean, and if their Hair were not very graceful, to have that alſo cut off, and to wear a Perry-Wigg. Though the Collonel's ſtock of Money were but ſmall, yet was he willing to appear a Man of Mode; he therefore, after ſome difficulty, was perſwaded to part with both his Beard and Hair, and in a new great bluſtring Wig, which there coſt him fifteen Shillings, towards the Court he marches, attended by his kind Friend the Barber, who had undertaken

dertaken to ſteer him to his Kinſman's Houſe, near the Caſtle. As they walked the Streets, our Collonel admiring the fine Accompliſhments of his Conductor, and quaintneſs of his Speech, thought him a fit Perſon to adviſe with about his Behaviour amongſt the Courtiers. The Barber generouſly condeſcended to inſtruct him in all the neceſſary Punctilio's to be obſerved there, which was taken for a particular Favour, and when he had pointed him to the Houſe, he left him.

'Twas juſt turned of Twelve a Clock when the Collonel advancing to the Gate, enquired if his Coſhen were within? The Porter laughing, demanded who was his Coſhen? Thy Maſter, ſaid the Collonel, Sir *G. L.* is my Coſhen, and I am come to Dine with him. No, Sir, anſwered the Porter, my Maſter is gone up into the Caſtle, and will not return 'till paſt one a Clock, his uſual Dining time: But my Lady is within. Then prithee Joy, proceeded the Collonel, tell thy Lady that here is her Coſhen Collonel *OC.* come

to

to ſee her. The Porter ſuppoſing him ſome Perſon of better Condition than he appeared to be, by his prepoſterous out-ſide, pray'd his Lady's Page, who then happened to be preſent, to ſhow the Gentleman into the Dining Room. The Page waited on him up ſtairs, and leaving him in the Room, went to acquaint his Lady.

Our Collonel who had a keen Appetite, having reſerved his Stomach for a good Dinner, was glad to ſee the Table ſo well prepared for it. And as he was admiring the fine Tapeſtry Hangings and other Curioſities there, he eſpyed a very great Looking-glaſs towards the upper part of the Room, which made him deſirous to know how his new Dreſs became him; and walking up cloſe to it, ſaw himſelf ſo ſtrangely Transformed, that he could ſcarcely believe it was his own Face he was ſtaring at. For now inſtead of his ſhort griſled Locks and Tufts on his Crown, intermixt with Baldneſs, he beheld his Head with a huge Covering, or rather Thatch of Black Hair, which being unskilfully

unskilfully Compoſed, ſtood ſtrutting out near a Foot on each ſide his Face, and inſtead of his long matted Beard, reaching almoſt to his Waſte, he found his Chin deprived of that which he thought to be its greateſt Ornament. The Sight was ſo very ſurprizing, that liſting up his Hands haſtily to expreſs his Amazement, and not falling into Account, that thô the lower part of the Looking-Glaſs was ſupported by Braſs Hooks cloſe to the Wall, the uppermoſt part thereof was hung enclining forwards; he, in the raiſing, as I ſaid, of his heavy Fiſts, hit his Knuckles with that Violence againſt it, that down fell the Glaſs ſhatter'd all to pieces on the Floor.

You may eaſily imagin, Madam, what trouble our Collonel was in at this Accident, who not knowing which way to excuſe it, was going Backwards to remove as far as he could from thence, hoping by that means he might not be ſuſpected for the Perſon that had done it; but not turning to ſee the Courſe he ſteered, he fell ſuddenly back into an armed Chair, from whence at the

ſame inſtant, he heard a great crackling Noiſe, and feeling ſomewhat break under him, he ſtarted up, and found it to be a curious Inſtrument of Muſick, made of Ebony and Ivory, or at leaſt the Ruines of one; being the Lady *L's.* Guittar, ſqueezed by him to bits.

This ſecond Misfortune added much to his Diſorder, and as he was looking with Amazement on one and the other; the opening a Door at the further end of the Room, obliged him to turn that way, where he perceived the good Lady, who being dreſt very gay for reception of ſome great Perſons, and Ladies of Quality which were to dine that Day with her, was, upon the Page's notice, coming in to entertain this Stranger her Kinſman. He, in the Confuſion he was in, went to meet and ſalute her, as he remembred the Barber had directed him, which he performed in ſuch an aukward manner, not being accuſtomed to thoſe Ceremonies, that with the rude ſhock of his Face againſt the Lady's, he made the Blood fly out at her Noſe; and in the draw-

ing

ing back of his Head, finding his bluſtring Wig to be ſtopt, which was engaged in the Ladies Head-dreſs, either by ſome of her Pins, or her Bodkin, he to ſecure his Wig, pull'd it ſo hard, that he tore down her Hair, Ribbons, and all her Head-Gear about her Ears.

When he ſaw how roughly he had treated the Fine Lady, his Couſin, he was going to make an humble Congee, and to beg her Pardon for it; but his Scrape was fetched with ſuch a ſwing of his Leg, as endangered the throwing himſelf down on his Noſe; and the great Spur by his ungainly Motion, catching in the Ladies rich *Venetian* Petticoat, not only made a great Triangular Rent in it, but with the ſudden Jerk, was like to have tript up her Heels, had not the Silk given way by being torn. As the Collonel ſtoop'd ſuddenly to diſengage his Spur, he heard a loud Out-cry behind him, and turning, ſaw Sir *G*'s Daughter, a little Lady of about Seven or Eight Years Old, with her Face all cover'd with Blood. She was but juſt come into the

Room, and ſtanding at the Collonel's Back, more intent on his Extravagant Behaviour than her own ſafety, had received a dangerous Cut on the Fore-head, by his reaching to ſeparate his Spur from the Petticoat; For as he ſtooped, his Elbow happening to preſs down the great Hilt of his long Sword, had ſuddenly raiſed up its Point, from which in his Journey he had loſt the Chape, and that hitting the Child's Fore-head, had done her the Miſchief.

We may eaſily conclude, that the Collonel muſt needs be more than a little ſenſible of all this Series of Miſchiefs he had done, which were not poſſible to be repaired by any Apology he could make: He therefore began to think of a timely Retreat, and looking over one of his Shoulders towards the Door, was ſliding backwards that way, but ſo full of Confuſion, he never minded, that on his other Hand he was rubbing againſt the Side-board of Plate and Glaſſes, prepared for Dinner, which being only a *Spaniſh* Table, and looſe in the Joints, was eaſily overthrown. This

This fall of the Table with a terrible Clatter, thô he was ſcarce ſenſible what it was, ſo affrighted the Collonel, that out at the Door he flew, with a half Turn, and with ſuch Precipitation, that thô he ſaw himſelf at the Stare-head, it was impoſſible to hinder his pitching down Headlong, and with ſo much Violence, as muſt certainly have broke his Neck, had not my Lady's Woman, who was then coming up with a fine Pyramid of Sweet-meats, given him ſome little Impediment in his Tumble, but full ſore againſt her will, for ſhe and her Deſart were overturned by him, with no ſmall Dammage to both: And yet this could not prevent his rolling to the Stair-foot, where, as the Devil would have it, lay the great Maſtiff, who angry to be thus diſturbed from his Natural reſt by all that hurly burly, fell upon the Collonel, but he getting nimbly up, ſo bravely with his Fiſts and Feet, encountred his Adverſary, as oblig'd him, after ſome time, to give ground.

In this Skirmiſh, tho' our Man of War ſeemed to have had the better on't, he loſt both his Hat and Wig, and that of the two which lay neareſt to him, being his Hat, he, without much Difficulty, recovered it, but then finding it muſt coſt him a ſecond Combat with the Dog to regain his Perriwig; and hearing a doleful Cry of the Gentlewoman upon the Stairs, of Oh Lord he has Murdered me, the Collonel began to apprehend, and not without Reaſon, that the whole Family would ſoon Arm and fall upon him, to revenge the diſmal Havock he had made, he thought it beſt rather to quit the Field, and leave the Spoil to his Enemy, than hazard another Engagement; he therefore clapping on his Hat, ran ſtraight to the Gate where the Porter was ſtanding, who ſeeing him come in all that haſte and Diſorder, would have ſtopped his Paſſage; but the Collonel without Interruption to his Carreer, giving him one ſound Bang on the Pate with his heavy Fiſt, left his Opponent ſprawling on the ground, and made neither

ther ſtop nor ſtay 'till he got to his Inn. There quickly mounting his *Pegaſus*, away he flew by the ſpeedieſt Journeys he could make to his Comrades, proteſting he would rather loſe a hundred Eſtates, than be forced to appear at Court, and there wait a long time with ſuch abundance of Formality and Addreſs, as he himſelf had ſome Experience of, but by his kind Friend the Barber, was more fully informed, that thoſe Perſons who expected to make any Friends there, were obliged to, and all the while muſt be in danger, as he thought, of falling into the like Misfortunes, as he had ſuffer'd that Day.

Before *Don Feliz* could reach to the cloſe of his Story, he was interrupted three or four times by *Doña Fauſtina's* violent Fits of laughing, which thô ſhe fain would have ſuppreſs'd, yet were ſo loud that one of the *Dueña's* was forced at each time to come into the Chamber to adviſe them to be more huſh and more moderate in their Mirth, unleſs they intended to allarm the whole Houſe to

their own Ruine. Theſe ſober Cautions, back'd with *Don Feliz*'s Entreaty, could ſcarce reſtrain the current of her Laughter, ſhe was ſo tranſported with Pleaſure at the hearing this Tale. But after ſhe had better compoſed her ſelf, and returned him Thanks for the great delight he had given her in his relating it: I will not,' *ſaid ſhe*, be ſo rude, *Don Feliz*, to queſtion the Truth of its particulars, thô I cannot but admire at this long Concatination of Blunders and Misfortunes, that attended the poor Collonel, and I ſhall content my ſelf with the Old *Italian* Saying. *Se non è vero, non è mal travato.* If it be not true, yet 'tis not ill Compoſed. *Don Feliz* was beginning to make an Excuſe for his ill wording, and his Heſitation in telling it, but ſhe aſſur'd him, it needed no Apology, for ſhe was extreamly pleaſed with that Nights Entertainment, and to confirm what ſhe had ſaid, thruſt into his Hand five Doblones at parting.

At thoſe times when *Don Feliz* returned from viſiting his Miſtreſs; by reaſon of the long ſtay he had made with

with her, which was commonly 'till two or three, and ſometimes four a Clock in the Morning, he had a Cuſtom not to riſe 'till ten and often Eleven, which is their Dinner time, during the hot Seaſon of the Year: But on other Mornings he roſe early with his Brother, and with him would frequently divert himſelf, yet not with that Friendſhip and Intimacy as formerly he had done. For he would retire many times into ſome Room alone, to divert himſelf with his Inſtruments of Muſick; or to compoſe ſome little Poems, Epigrams, or other Fancies in the *Spaniſh* Tongue, to preſent to *Doña Fauſtina*, who took great delight in reading them; or elſe he would walk abroad by himſelf into the Fields, on purpoſe to avoid *Don Henrique* his Scrutinies into his Night-Walks.

On this occaſion, he had one Morning got out betimes, and taken a pleaſant Walk amongſt the Gardens, that lie ranged along the Banks of the River *Tagus*, with no other Companion than his Book, on which he caſt his Eyes as oppor-

opportunity ſerved; and in his return homeward, he obſerving the *Caracol* or Tour of Coaches not far from him in the *Vega*, directed his Couſe that way, to divert himſelf alſo with the variety of curious Objects to be ſeen in them; for the Ladies there and Gentlemen, do often take the Benefit of the Morning Air, as well as of the Evening.

He had not long feaſted his Eyes with the Proſpect of thoſe *Spaniſh* Beauties, when to his no little Amazement, he eſpyed amongſt them a Face, which he had been more accuſtomed to view by Candle than by Day-Light; and thô quickly covered with a Vail, yet could not the ſmall Glimps he had of it, hinder him from knowing his *Doña Fauſtina*. The motion of the Coach one way, and his walking another, gave him reaſon to believe, that the Lady had miſſed ſeeing him. And the finding her in this ſplendour, at the chief end of a rich Coach, drawn by ſix good Mules well equipped; and attended by a Page and couple of Foot-men in gentile Liveries, made him

him conclude her a Perſon of no mean Condition; and raiſed in him a more than ordinary Curioſity of knowing who ſhe was; eſpecially when, to be ſatisfied in it, he conceived it was no great matter of difficulty. For he took it for granted, that the Lady not being aware ſhe had been ſeen by him, he might with ſafety enough, at her going out of the Ring, follow the Coach at a diſtance, amongſt other Gentlemen alſo on foot, ſo as to obſerve into what part of the Town it went, and there might learn her Name and Quality. To this end he was drawing towards the Road that leads to the City, but at ſo lazy a rate, and making ſo many ſtops and pauſes to look back, as might well give ſuſpicion to any watchful Eye, that he could not be without a Deſign in his Head, on ſome Lady in one of thoſe Coaches, and of giving her ſome private Signs for Aſſignation, which is very dangerous there, where even to be too curiouſly prying after any Women, is eſteemed a high Crime.

His

His patience was put to no great Tryal in tarrying for her, for he preſently ſaw the Coach leave the Reſt, and make toward that Gate of the City to which he was going. As the Coach paſſed him, he ſeemed to take little notice of it, but then left his ſtation, and carefully followed after it. And tho' he twice ſaw the Page, who had his Hand on the Coach Boot, after looking back, give the Coachman orders to drive on faſter, yet was he ſo earneſt to purſue his Intentions, as not to perceive he was obſerved, but mending his pace, he endeavoured ſtill to keep up with them, 'till he heard the Page bid, Drive on a Gallop, which made him by this time ſenſible that he was taken notice of; for the *Spaniards* very rarely alter their *poco a poco*, their fair and ſoftly, which is but a Foot pace.

Don Feliz finding his Error, thought it highly neceſſary to change his Deſign; and that he might not be ſuſpected of dogging her Coach, he took a different Path which led to another Gate

Gate of the Town; hoping by this Feinte, that the Lady might fancy his Purſuit had been only made by Accident, and not in contempt of her Commands. But when he had thought better on the Thing, it made him blame his own Folly and Dulneſs, which had hindred him from reflecting, that ſhe muſt needs have perceived by his loytering there ſo near the Ring, and his often Eying the Coach, that his Drift was to attend her Motion homewards; and that ſhe muſt have been told by her Page, who had often look'd back, how nimbly the *Flamenco*, (for ſo they commonly call Strangers) had followed after her: For he now began to conſider, when too late, with what ſearching Eyes, ſuch as are jealous do pry into; and how nicely they weigh every little Circumſtance, which they conſtrue to their Prejudice.

Such like apprehenſions as theſe made him very uneaſie the reſt of the Morning, and on purpoſe ſtretch out his Walk longer than he had intended, that he might have the ſatisfaction of think-

thinking on this matter at large by himſelf before he got home. All which ſerved but to Augment his Trouble, and make him expect with no ſmall fear, ſuch another rattling Bout from the Lady, as he was forced to endure for his former Tranſgreſſion. It likewiſe brought to his Memory, the great Danger he then was in, not only of loſing her favour, but of feeling the effects of her Revenge for that Fault; as alſo the Difficulty he had to obtain his Pardon, and to re-inſtate himſelf in her good Graces as before. Then he ſet his Wits at work to ſtudy the beſt Excuſes he could, for pacifying her Anger, in caſe ſhe ſhould admit of a Parley: But all his Invention could furniſh him with no better a Plea in his own behalf, than ſtiffly to deny he had ſeen her there; and that his ſudden haſtening after the Coach, was but his immediate Conſideration of the Suns Heat, and of the Hour of the Day, which was then near Dinner time.

Being come home, he, after a ſhort Meal made againſt Stomach, went up Stairs,

Stairs, and threw himſelf upon his Bed, but could there take no reſt, for vexing at the ill poſture his Affairs ſtood in with his Miſtreſs; For of this ſecond Miſcarriage, he had no body to throw the blame on but himſelf. His Brother took notice of all this diſorder in him, and tho' he preſſed to know his grievance, having occaſion to Conſult him about a Meſſage ſent them, in order to the diſpatch of their grand Concern in that place, yet he found him in ſo peeviſh a Humour, that he ſaw it was to no purpoſe to mention it to him.

In a little time after, *Don Feliz* perceived his Brother fallen into a ſound ſleep on the Bed by him, whilſt he himſelf could not partake of that kind Benefit of Nature, to give ſome reſpite to the trouble of his Mind, that was perplexed alſo to think he ſhould have ſo barren a Fancy, as was not able to bring himſelf off from ſo ſmall an Embaraſment. In which condition he lay muſing 'till paſt two of the Clock, when he was allarmed at the Rattling

of

of a ſecond Stone thrown into the Room, as one ſome time before had been. At that very moment he was fully awake, though his Eyes were ſhut, and gueſſing what that noiſe imported, for he knew it muſt needs be another furious Meſſage from his angry Lady, he ſtarted up and ran directly to the Window, hoping to have had a ſight of the Hand that flung it in; but was deceived, for the Perſon whoever it was, had been too nimble for him, and was retired from his view.

But looking afterwards for the Stone, he found it brought along with it a Billette, or little Note tied up, and directed as the former had been; which he was almoſt afraid to open; ſo much did he dread the Contents thereof: And ſeeing his Brother who had been diſturbed at the ſudden Noiſe of running to the Window, begin to rouſe in order to get up, *Don Feliz* ſlip'd the Note and Stone into his Pocket, and going down Stairs into the Dining-Room, he there trembling opened it, and read as follows.

Don

Don Feliz,

YOU have now given a ſecond Proof of your Admirable Conduct in the Affair of our Loves. How could you ſo raſhly this Morning hazard your own ſafety and mine, only to gratifie an unthoughtful Curioſity? Sure you forgot you were in Spain, *where ſo many Eyes are open to obſerve, Tongues ready to proclaim, and Hands prepared to chaſtiſe ſuch indiſcreet Behaviour? This very Action being of ſuch danger to us as it was, would in another Woman, have raiſed ſo high a flame of Rage, as would not have been extinguiſhed, but with your Blood; or would at leaſt have diſſolved the Correſpondence for ever. But you know that the Aſcendant you have over me, will not give me leave to think of Revenge: And the entire Poſſeſſion you have of my Heart, may ſatisfie you, that 'tis impoſſible for me, ever to remove you from thence. I can therefore onely wiſh, I were able to invent ſtronger Reaſons than yet I have done, to oblige you to be more adviſed for the Future.*

In the mean time I have been thinking of an Expedient, which, if rightly purſued, may I hope prevent the Infamy I daily incur by your Indiſcretion: Which when you ſhall once be ſenſible of, I'm ſure you will not diſapprove. And becauſe I would fain have you make ſome Attonement for your Fault, before it be worn out of Memory by a tedious Four and Twenty Hours Interval, pray fail not to make your appearance to Night at the uſual Place and Time, and I ſhall ſend my Servants and Chair to meet you there. But of this be confident, that for any Offence Don Feliz *has commited againſt one, who muſt own ſhe lov. s him better than her own Life he may expect to receive no greater Puniſhment, than what he will find in the Embraces of*

His entirely Affectionate

Doña Fauſtina.

It was no ſmall ſatisfaction to *Don Feliz* to be thus cheaply deliver'd from the direful Apprehenſions he had conceived of his Miſtreſſes Anger, and her Reſentment of the Affront: For the leaſt thing he could have expected before the reading her Letter, was the certain loſs of her Favour, and perpetual Excluſion from her Preſence. He read it over again and again, and after a ſtrict Examination of every particular Sentence, he could not diſcover (beſides a ſharp reproof for his Fault) any thing in it which expreſſed not a moſt tender Affection toward him, and a great ſweetneſs of Temper in her ſelf, who could ſo eaſily paſs by a Crime, voluntarily committed againſt her poſitive Commands; and he concluded he ſhould be able at Night to paciſie her fit of Chiding in as ample a manner, as he had once before done on the like occaſion.

Don Enrique, who knew nothing of what had ſo lately happen'd, was amazed to ſee his Brother come a-

gain with ſo great Briskneſs up ſtairs; and obſerved that now all thoſe black Clouds of Diſcontent, which at his lying down to ſleep, had hung upon his Brow, were totally diſpell'd. He could not but be curious to know the Reaſon of this ſuddain Change of Humour, and yet was unwilling to go about to pump it from his Friend, having already made many Attempts of that kind in vain; but he gueſſed it muſt needs proceed from ſome of thoſe various Turns, and Whimſeys which his Love-Intrigue daily afforded.

The reſt of that Afternoon was, by appointment of the Perſons concerned, and the Conſent of *Don Enrique*, to be ſpent in Treaty about their Buſineſs which had kept them ſo long in *Toledo*; and he was very well pleaſed to find his Camerade in ſo good a temper of Mind to aſſiſt at it. They took their Papers, went chearfully together to the place where by Agreement they were to meet; and there after a long Conference, and

and many hot Diſputes, with certain *Spaniſh* Gentlemen, to whom the matter had at laſt been referred, a happy Concluſion was made of the whole Affair; to the greater ſatisfaction of *Don Enrique*, than of *Don Feliz*, who could not but be very ſorry to think that he muſt now leave his Miſtreſs, after this new Reconciliation, which he look'd on as already done in effect.

When they were come back to their Lodgings, they had divers Diſcourſes together, on what had then paſſed in that final Adjuſtment of their Buſineſs, and of the good End made thereof, after ſo long an Attendance on it: Making alſo their Remarks on the formal Gravity of the *Spaniards*, and their ſlow method of proceeding in all their Undertakings. And now the next thing to be thought on, was to make their neceſſary Preparations for leaving that City, and for their return back to *Madrid*. This thing was long concerting, which made *Don Feliz* very

uneaſie, remembring his Aſſignation, and that it now drew near Ten a Clock. He therefore ſnatching up a Sword and Hangers which lay on the Table, and he ſuppoſed to be the ſame he commonly walked with, hooked it to his Girdle, as the *Spaniſh* Mode is, and after a ſhort Excuſe for his haſte, nimbly tripped out of Doors.

At the old Station he found *Señor Fadrique* waiting for him with the Chair, into which he entred with very little Ceremony, not to loſe more time, having, as he perceived, a little ſlipped his Hour; but the *Turks* made haſte, and quickly ſet him down within the Portal of the Lady's Houſe. He was ſufficiently acquainted with the Method of going up into the Room, which was always with great Silence and Circumſpection, and therefore needed no Guide to conduct him thither. But as he was mounting the Back ſtairs, by which he was accuſtomed to go, he was not a little ſurprized to find his paſſage hindred by

by a ſtop Door on the middle of thoſe winding ſtairs, which 'till then he had never known to be ſhut. To knock or ſcratch at it he durſt not, for fear of making a diſturbance, but he puſhed hard, and found it faſt lock'd or barr'd. He then ſtaid a good while, expecting ſome body's coming to open it, but not hearing any one ſtir that way, he put again his Hand to the Door, intending to have thruſt harder at it, but at the firſt touch the Door flew wide open, which ſomewhat encreaſed his Wonder, and began to raiſe a ſuſpicion in him, that there was ſome unfair play deſigned againſt him.

Theſe new Obſervations diſcouraged him not, but forwards he went, and as he entred the Room at one Door, he ſaw his Miſtreſs coming in at the other to meet him, with her little Lap-Dogg running by her; which 'till that time ſhe always uſed to bring in under one of her Arms. Her manner of accoſting him too, was different from what it wont to be;

for thô ſhe had ever at the firſt Entry, expreſſed a pleaſure to ſee him, it was ſtill accompanied with a becoming Gravity; but now inſtead of the violent Paſſion and Fury, which on the like occaſion, ſhe had formerly ſhown, and *Don Feliz* at this inſtant expected, ſhe with a ſmiling Countenance and open Arms came up nimbly to him, and calling Ah *Bellaco*! Ah naughty Man, why would you be ſo unkind to forget my repeated Orders to you? She claſped both her Arms about his ſhoulders, and charged him with ſuch a volley of Kiſſes, and with ſo much fervency, as now raiſed his jealouſy to a much higher Degree, than that Accident which occurd on the ſtairs had done: For he could not comprehend the meaning of this new manner of Salutation, not uſed by Women in that Country; nor could he gueſs whence all this ſuperabundant Kindneſs ſhould proceed. This made him turn his Head to mind the little Dog, which was fiercely barking

barking at the Hangings, where, at the bottom of them, he might eaſily ſee the Feet of Men moving to come out.

'Twas now no longer time to dally, for it plainly appeared there was a Deſign laid againſt his Life; he therefore putting forward his left Leg, and having his Arms about the Ladies Waſte, he threw her acroſs his Knee, with all the force he was able, againſt the Ground: And at the ſame moment ſtepping back, and clapping his Hand on his Sword, drew it at the firſt motion, and with it flying vigorouſly at the three Aſſaſſins, who by this time with their drawn Swords were ſlip'd from behind the Hangings, and advancing towards him, he charged the firſt of them with ſo home a Thruſt, that he fell down, roaring out *Boto a Chriſto que eſtoy muerto!* Dam'me I'm kill'd! This briſk Charge and quick Execution, together with the lamentable Outcry of the two Perſons, who ſeemed expiring on the Floar, ſo much daunted

daunted the remaining Aſſulants, whom he now diſcover'd to be *Señor Fadrique* the Gentleman Uſher, and one of the Chair-men, that they began to ſhrink towards the Bed ſide, but keeping ſtill on their Guards.

Don Feliz's Buſineſs in that place, was not to proſecute a Victory, as once he was about to have done, but to ſecure his own Life; wherefore obſerving their motion, and how concerned they were at the Noiſe made by the other Chair-man, who lay wallowing in his own Blood; which had obliged the Lady, as well as ſhe was able, to creep to him, and endeavour to ſtop his Mouth with her Hands, He reſolved to take his Advantage of their Diſorder, and make the beſt Retreat he could from the threatning Danger, before the whole Family, as he doubted they would, might Arm againſt him: For he expected they muſt needs be allarm'd at all this diſturbance. He therefore ruſhing by them, nimbly ſlipp'd out at the Door, and as he was ſhutting

ſhutting it after him, eſpying the Key left by chance on the out ſide, he lock'd it, and was running down ſtairs; but there met with another Obſtacle; he found the Stop-door ſo faſt ſhut again, that he could by no Art nor pulling, open it. This put him to his Wits end, for he had no time to deliberate what was beſt to be done; but fearing the Enemy might rally, and Charge him in that diſadvantagious Station beneath them, he was neceſſitated to run up again, to endeavour an Eſcape over the Tops of Houſes.

Being got up to the ſtairs Head, he ſaw a little Door, which he immagin'd might poſſible open into ſome Gutter or other Out-let for his purpoſe, and was ſtooping to creep through that way; but his Haſte and wanting Light (being only what the Stars and a ſmall glimmering of the Moon then yielded) would not allow him the Benefit, to ſee that his Paſſage within that Door had no Floar; for it being but a narrow place or Cock-loft

next

next the Tiling, was of no uſe, neither had any thing to tread on, beſides the Ceiling of the Chamber that was underneath it; and the Joyces by which that was ſuſtained. Theſe Joyces our flying Conquerour in his haſty Retreat miſſed, and happening to tread with all his weight upon the Plaiſtering, it immediately gave way, and he brake through, falling down headlong into a Bed-Chamber, where a Gentleman ſate reading at a Table, with his Sword lying by him.

The ſtudious Gentleman being diſturbed at this amazing Accident, ſeeing a Man come Armed by ſuch an unuſual In-lett, with a Deſign as might be ſuppos'd to attack him; threw aſide his Book, ſnatched up his Sword, which he drew, and was preparing for the Encounter. But juſt as *Don Feliz* had got up, was buſtling to recover himſelf after his Fall, and putting himſelf into a poſture to receive the Charge, he was the moſt aſtoniſhed Man of the World, to diſcover that the Aſſailant whom he was going

going to Engage, was his Friend and Comrade *Don Enrique*; and that the Room in which they were, was their own Lodging. He then called out Hold, Hold, Brother. By which words, (for he was cover'd with the Duſt of the broken Ceiling) the Miſtake was perceived on both ſides, and they knowing one the other, it put an end to their furious Intentions.

Now if *Don Enrique* were ſurprized to ſee his Friend brought home into the Chamber, by ſuch a ſtrange piece of Conjuration; *Don Feliz* was no leſs amazed to find himſelf there, when he imagin'd at that time he had been at the remoteſt part of the City from thence. Yet thus it was, and the Thing appearing ſo very ſtrange, *Don Enrique* could not forbear an immediate Enquiry, to be ſatisfied of the Myſtery thereof; but was entreated by *Don Feliz* to reſpit his Curioſity, 'till a fitter time of Diſcourſing it, becauſe he was then, he ſaid, as he had reaſon to believe, purſued for his Life, and knew

knew not but his Adverſaries might probably fire down ſome Gun or Piſtol into the Room upon them. It was therefore, after a ſhort Conſultation, thought neceſſary, they ſhould immediately remove out of that Lodging. So down ſtairs they went, and found their Landlord; for he being diſturbed at the rattling Noiſe he had heard from above, was getting out of Bed, and coming up to enquire what was the matter.

They acquainted him, as briefly as they could, with their Reſolution, and with as much of the occaſion of it, as was convenient at that juncture. To which the Landlord, without Scruple, readily conſented, and offered to get them a new Lodging to their Deſire. He had indeed been ever ready to ſhow the great Reſpect and Eſteem he had for ſuch generous Gueſts, as they had always been to him; and more eſpecially at this time he was willing they ſhould ſee his Diligence and his Zeal to ſerve them; for he had got ſome hint, that their

Buſineſs

Buſineſs being now finiſhed, their ſtay could be but very few Days longer in Town. His offer was kindly accepted, and whilſt he went up ſtairs to fetch their *Maletas* or Portmantles, and to view the Breach in his Ceiling; his two Gueſts went down and had unlock'd the Door, but as they were juſt ſtepping into the Street, they found they were ſtrongly puſh'd at by two Perſons, who had on each ſide of the Door planted themſelves, thinking to have ſtabbed them at their coming forth.

The Pre-caution therefore which *Don Feliz* had given, of marching out very circumſpectly, and with their drawn Swords in their Hands, to prevent the Miſchief of ſuch an Attack, proved very lucky to them; for their readineſs to defend themſelves, and briſk anſwer of the Enemies Charge, did not only ſecure them from this ſecond Treachery, but did ſo much diſcourage the Undertakers of it, that they were eaſily forced by the two Friends to ſcour nimbly off, and ſeek

ſeek for Refuge in the Portal of a great Houſe adjoining to their Lodgings.

In this laſt Skirmiſh the Aſſaſſins were found to be the ſame unhurt Chair-man, who had been left above; and his Companion was Old *Fadrique*, whoſe buſtling had now diſcover'd him to be a young Man, by the letting fall of his long Artificial Beard. Which two *Valentones* or *Bravos* had, as it ſeem'd, engag'd to their Lady to Execute that in the Street, which they had failed to do in her Chamber, but were glad to betake themſelves to their Heels for their own ſafety.

When their Landlord, who came Laden with their Goods, had overtaken his two Gueſts, and had Conducted them ſafe to his Friend's Houſe, which was far enough off, in another part of the City; they made Enquiry of him, concerning his Neighbours dwelling in that Houſe, next to his, and were ſatisfied by him in ſo many particulars, as that by the help thereof, they were able to unriddle the whole Myſtery of that Intrigue. They

They found that the Lady who called her ſelf *Doña Fauſtina*, was Wife of *Don Pedro de Solana*, a rich Knight of the Order of St. *Jago*, who was turned of Threeſcore Years of Age, and was Maſter of the great Houſe, as he alſo was Owner of that leſſer wherein they lodged, which he let to *Fanciſco de Ayala* their Landlord. They were told that *Don Pedro* and his Lady had been Married together above ſix Years, and ſhe never with Child in all that time. They were ſatisfied that ſhe muſt have taken an opportunity of looking down when ſhe would, through a Peep-hole into their Bed-Chamber (which Hole by them had but lately been Diſcovered) from whence ſhe could hear and ſee every thing they ſaid and did there; and they gueſſed ſhe might have been invited to that Curioſity by *Don Feliz*'s Muſick, of which ſhe would often talk. They alſo concluded, that the Letters which ſeemed to have been thrown in at the Window, were only drop'd down through the ſame

Hole in the Ceiling. It likewiſe plainly appeared, that the Contrivance of carrying him about ſo far in the cloſe Chair, was but to amuſe him, that he ſhould not be able to find out her Lodging. And they conjectured that this Deſign of Aſſaſſinating him, did not altogether reſult from her Deſire to revenge the Affront of his diſobeying her Commands, and his unadviſed Curioſity in endeavouring to find out who ſhe was: But partly too, becauſe ſhe having got Intelligence by her watching at the Peep-Hole, that thoſe two *Engliſh* Gentlemen had diſpatched their whole Affair in *Toledo*, and were ſpeedily to return to *Madrid*; that therefore ſince ſhe muſt now loſe her Gallant's Converſation for ever, ſhe would ſuffer no other Woman, to whom he might poſſibly ſpeak with Scorn of the Favours of his Miſtreſs *Doña Fauſtina*, to have the future Enjoyment of him.

But they could not imagin what reaſon ſhe could have, to contrive his Murder in her own Houſe, rather

ther than in the ſtreet as they carried him in the Chair; or in ſome By-Corner, Alley, or other private Hole; unleſs it ſhould be, that ſhe thought in thoſe Places, the Act might be more liable to a Diſcovery; or becauſe ſhe her ſelf had a mind to ſee the Bloody Execution more effectually performed. And upon a further ſcanning of her laſt ambiguous Letter to him, they admired how *Don Feliz* could have been ſo blind, as not to ſee, that at the cloſe of it, ſhe in cunning Terms diſcover'd how ſhe intended to deal with him, which was to hold him in her Arms, while her Servants ſhould Murder him. It was alſo then argued, how it was poſſible for *Don Feliz*, not to recollect, that he muſt have often ſeen waiting at the next door, his Miſtreſſes Coach, and the Lyveries which ſhe had that Morning attending her in the Ring: But to this he proteſted, his Thoughts were ſo fix'd on the Lady, and his ſurprize was ſo great at that Moment, that he took very little notice of the Coach or

Servants; which at another time he might have eaſily known.

After theſe Remarks thus made, *Don Enrique* took occaſion to Diſcourſe the matter at large with his Brother, and ſtrove to make him ſenſible of the Wicked and Extravagant life he had led in that Town, which had plunged him into ſo much Miſchief, as was the Murder of a Man, and the expoſing himſelf to ſo many imminent Dangers of loſing his own Life, and of ruining his Friend; being commonly the ſad effects of ſuch ill Courſes. To all which *Don Feliz* ſoberly attended, having very little to ſay, in any reſpect, for his own juſtification. And after finiſhing this grave Lecture of Morality, it was obſerved that they had by ſome Miſtake made a change of Swords; for *Don Feliz*, at his haſty going out to obey his Miſtreſſes treacherous Summons, had, inſtead of his own, ſnatched up his Brother's that had an open Scabbard, with proper *Tiros* or Hangers belonging to it. This made him call to mind the benefit he had had by that

that lucky Miſtake, who might elſe have been kill'd before he could have drawn his own Sword, which for its length being of the *Spaniſh Marco*, or Standard, with an ordinary cloſe Scabbard, could not have been done, but at two or three Motions.

They made but two Days longer ſtay in *Toledo*, during which time they thought it not convenient to ſhew themſelves too publicly, leſt they might be found by ſome others of the revengeful Lady's Agents to their further Prejudice, and becauſe they could not yet get Intelligence how it fared with the Chair-man; whether he were alive or Dead. But at their Departure for *Madrid*, they were aſſured by their Landlord, that the Lady was pretty well recovered of the terrible Fall her kind Lover had given her; and that the wounded Chairman was in a skilful Surgeon's Hands, with great Hopes of his Recovery. Which News was very welcome to *Don Feliz*, who had been more than a little inquiſitive to

know in what Condition they both were.

Well, they now took leave of *Toledo*, and mounting a couple of good Mules, they, with their Muletteer, rode jogging on together for *Illeſcas*, which they reached that Night, as they did *Madrid* the Day after; *Don Feliz* promiſing a thouſand times, on the Road, to his Brother, never more to be drawn into ſuch ill Courſes ſo long as he liv'd; but whether he may ſince have juſtly comply'd with thoſe Promiſes or no, I muſt leave it to his own Conſcience to be the Judge. I confeſs, I am apt to believe the beſt of him, for he was frequently obſerv'd to repeat theſe *Italian* Verſes.

Cortigiana che ti ſtringe,
E le Braccie al collo cinge,
Poco t'ama, e molto finge,
E nel fin, t'abruſcia o tinge.

FINIS.

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